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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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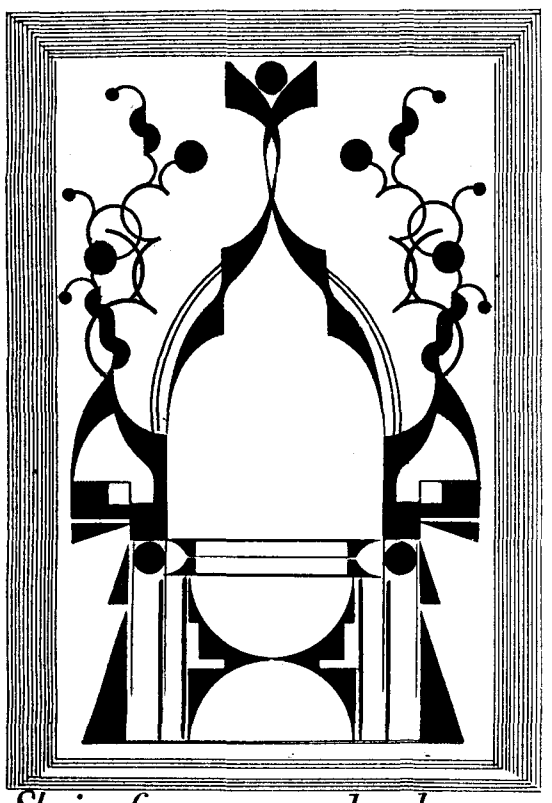

Shrine for an unusual god

At last, the Tabernacle Satisfying!
Vain humankind, discard all doubt and fear,
Your dreams its void with various forms supplying,
Unless, indeed, you place a mirror here!

An American Canon

"WHAT are the dozen books," Mr. Ernest Barker asks in his "National Character and the Factors in Its Formation,"* or poems, or passages of literature most likely to be chosen by common consent, as those which have established themselves definitely as a national possession or influence? The canon of such a list will be neither artistic excellence nor fidelity in the expression of the national genius (though some element of both . . . is necessary to give general influence . . .); what matters most is rather the range and vogue of acceptance, and the degree of the effect produced on social thought and imagination.

"First," he continues, "in such a list would come the Authorized Version of the Bible . . . The 'Pilgrim's Progress' might come next; and after it the tragedies and histories of Shakespeare . . . Milton might be counted fourth . . .; and after the poems of Milton we might reckon some of the earlier sonnets and some of the odes of Wordsworth. Then, in a place by themselves, there might come the great hymns of the Wesleys, and Watts, and Cowper; and after them (though of a different order) the social poems of Burns. The 'Pickwick Papers' of Dickens might be given the next place; and Defoe's 'Robinson Crusoe.' . . . At the end of the list, and when it comes to the last three places, choice becomes difficult. But there is Gray's 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard' . . .; there is Boswell's 'Life of Johnson'; and who would exclude Sir Walter Scott or forget the 'Heart of Midlothian'?

On Mr. Barker's own terms of literature as a national possession or influence, it would be hard to dispute most of this English list. Chaucer's English, which so soon lost its sweetness upon the tongue of all but scholars, excludes him from the canon. The lyricists are too prevailingly intimate for national influence, although a case could be made for the ballads and a surprisingly good one for "Childe Harold." The claim of Alexander Pope is arguable too, and "The Ancient Mariner" has touched as many imaginations, perhaps, as Gray's "Elegy." Only Scott in the accepted list will stir a reasonable doubt. His romantic ideas have undoubtedly entered into the imagination of the readers of English and colored their moral attitudes, but unlike the other great eleven his language has not become ours. He has not made English, does not still control English as they do, has never given us idioms to express our thoughts.

* * *

Mr. Barker is writing specifically of the British national consciousness and his book is an attempt to solve the mystery of national character in the race and nation he knows best. Yet it is certain that his canon for the English is a canon for Americans also. These are all our books—Scott and Burns a little less than Scotland's, but Shakespeare and the Bible ours every whit as much as England's, Wordsworth, Boswell, Gray, and even "Pickwick," almost as much, Robinson Crusoe perhaps a little more. They belong to a broad culture of which we are an integral part; indeed, if we should change the terms of selection and try to choose, let us say, only the most English of English books, the list would be very different. Fielding would have to go on it, and probably Tennyson. Addison would belong there, and Kipling quite as certainly.

To draw up an American canon which should include, not the most American books, but, in Mr. Barker's own category, the books which have most influenced Americans and are most definitely a national possession, would not be difficult, although the range of years being less, certainties would be less certain also. It would, of course, be an addition to the English canon; indeed, that we Americans have our English heritage with an increment of our own making is an asset not always appreciated.

* * *

Such a list would begin with the "Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin," and would contain "The Declaration of Independence." "Rip Van Winkle" and "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" would belong in the canon. Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" and the Leatherstocking Tales of Cooper must certainly follow. Thoreau's "Walden," which is New England incarnate, and Melville's "Moby Dick," one of the greatest of American books, we probably must omit from the canon. They have not, and probably will not, become national influences. But Emerson's essays and lectures have colored the whole stream of American thinking and must go on. Likewise that immortal book of boys, "Huckleberry Finn," which is also a saga of the frontier. Bret Harte is too fragile. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is doubtful. It swayed American opinion and supplied a background for imagination, often heated, but, more than Scott, it lacks the grip upon the tongue of more durable books. Poe belongs in the canon though with a national influence not comparable to that of Emerson or Burns. Whitman, the most American of them all in his democratic ideals, we must exclude. He is a great name with the intellectuals, a great influence, but by his comrades, the American democracy, he was and is unread. Instead of his vigor we must insert a weaker man and a lesser, if more skilful, poet, Longfellow. His melodious didacticism has been as influential in its way as "Pilgrim's Progress," and is admirably

(*Continued on page* 193)

*Harper & Bros.

Joseph Conrad

By H. M. TOMLINSON

THE portrait, Joseph Conrad at the age of twenty-six, which is the frontispiece of the first volume of Mr. G. Jean-Aubry's "Life and Letters of Joseph Conrad,"* may be thought to supply a clue or two to much which, in the second volume, is surprisingly disclosed in the great man's letters to his friends. The letters are so often painful to read in their impregnable melancholy and their proud humility; for it seems that Conrad was rarely sure of his signal merit as a writer of English prose unless some inconsequential ass was irreverent or careless. Then he could show faint signs of heat; and a reader regrets that in such moments Conrad did not free himself from his dignified restraints, and let himself go. A little gay abandon, some jolly demonstration of the ear measurements of the exhibits, would have improved his health and spirits, and restored his confidence in himself.

For it is clear too, that he never could be really convinced that we accepted him as an Englishman. He wanted so much to be taken as English. Yet how is it possible for an Englishman fully to sympathize with that aspiration? Now, the English never bother about that sort of thing. Contrary to the accepted legend, no Englishman ever sings "Rule Britannia" except in cheerful irony; it is a comic song. And it is not the way of the English to tell a man they like him, and that they consider him, whatever his name, to be one of themselves. They expect him to know it. They would sooner perish than show their affections, for that might show they were feeble-minded. But hesitant Conrad seemed always to be on the watch for the symptom which would betray the damnable fact that the English about him, though so very polite, were secretly amused or petulant because of the foreignness of this ambitious foreigner. He never understood that we did not doubt he was one of ourselves, and that

*Joseph Conrad: Life and Letters. By G. Jean-Aubry. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 2 vols. 1927. $10.

This Week

Drawing. By *W. A. Dwiggins.*
Quatrain. By *William Rose Benét.*
"The Letter." Reviewed by *Oliver M. Sayler.*
"The Public and Its Problems." Reviewed by *Harold J. Laski.*
"The Mad Carews." Reviewed by *Johan J. Smertenko.*
"Transition." Reviewed by *Ernest Sutherland Bates.*
"A Study of Shinto." Reviewed by *J. W. T. Mason.*
"Economic History of Great Britain." Reviewed by *N. S. B. Gras.*
"Farm Income." Reviewed by *N. A. Crawford.*

Next Week, or Later

Cabell's "Something About Eve." An essay review by *H. S. Canby.*

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his presence honored us. The pride which protected his humility was ever nervously on the watch, and, quite naturally, saw now and then what Conrad suspected was there. Suspicion always does find the evidence it expects to find; and to Conrad, a simple soul, sensitive and friendly, desirous to please, the ordinary slights of busy and careless humanity were grave warnings that, whatever our devotion, we were reserving something which would never be kept from a real Englishman. The pity of it is that there is not anywhere a real and typical Englishman whose company any of us could stand for more than five minutes. That portrait of Conrad at the age of twenty-six suggests reserve and proud sensitiveness, and yet a confidence which required the assurance of friendly contacts; and these contradictions in their adjustments were bound to make sorrow for him. They did. The letters are full of groans and cries of pain.

One is not surprised to hear them, and yet they distress a reader. Conrad had nothing of the comic spirit. His humor was sardonic. He could not disperse his melancholia by laughing at himself, or smiling at the world. Yet one is bound to remember that though it is true recognition was long in coming to him, still, that is not a rare addition to the weight of the cross an artist may have to carry along. It is, indeed, an almost inevitable penalty for doing work to the hidden value of which an indifferent world must have its attention drawn again and again before it will pay any attention to it. It has often happened to such men, and it will continue to happen to them. One hears that the volume containing Keats's odes, the poems by which we know him, took twenty-five years to sell five hundred copies. One remembers also that Lamb knew something of the heat and burden of the day; yet read his letters! Once, when a visitor to Lamb confessed that coming along he had bought a book of his, Lamb wanted to see the evidence, and was so delighted that he offered to contribute towards the cost of it. Lamb was reconciled to whatever was in store for him, and his blithe mockery was enough to make the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune tired of fooling with him.

The trouble with almost any foreigner who would serve another tradition is that he treats that tradition with greater reverence than they who were born in it. He would be, for instance, more English than any Englishman ever was, except the sort of Englishman discovered by George Washington to be an intolerable nuisance. The Primrose Habitations of England are still stocked with such people. Every country has its own variety of resentful and insoluble nationalist who thinks the Deity did remarkably well when he was created. It is always such people who are supposed by foreigners to be the guardians of the true national soul—whatever that may be—whereas it ought to be obvious that no supernal Being would trust anything of value to their guardianship.

* * *

Nevertheless, the foreigner who would go into the British shrine usually becomes ultramarine in his blue Toryism; he becomes more Conservative than Dean Inge or Lord Balfour. Balfour probably makes sly jokes—totally incomprehensible to his fellow Tories—behind the scenes, about the kind of people they are. But the solemn awe of the initiated alien soul induces a few very rum complexes. He will defend things old and English which many of us, perhaps most, would not be sorry to see consigned to the pit. They are no longer representative of England because, as in every other country, changes occasionally take place even with us. It is not very likely the English are going to keep a respect for their old aristocracy, for example, when they know quite well that most of it was bought over the counter. The aristocratic principle, of course, is something different and need have nothing in common with country seats and the peerage. So simple a truth is one to which the novitiate Englishman cannot reconcile himself. He wants to be something which exists but romantically. And all the time, too, he is damned by a secret apprehension of his inferiority, or at least of a difference which will never approximate to the true caste—a manifest absurdity to all the warm friends who know he is not like themselves only because he belongs to a peerage to which neither money nor worldly power is a key. Yet that sense of an unfortunate difference makes him so difficult and meticulous in his comments and criticism, trying to get his blue bluer than blue can be, that to a careless native of the realm his tests are far too austere to be applied to anybody but immortals on the slopes of Parnassus.

It is necessary to say so, for otherwise Joseph Conrad's admirers, who are held by his sonorous and noble diction, may get a shock when they read his letters; they may wonder whether they were written by the same man. But the letters were. For it is wrong to suppose that Conrad had a profound mind full of deep and mysterious stirrings. He was not subtle because his prose is allusive and glancing. His letters show what a simple and lovable man he was. It is the man whose writing is easy and buoyant who usually has the elemental and gloomy deeps under him, and the allusiveness of such a writer had better be closely watched, for it is likely that he knows something we do not; he is not going to tell us; but if we have ears to hear—. Conrad's preoccupations, however, appear from his letters not to be concerned with what we may suppose troubles a brooding soul secluded in what we will call Gethsemane. His preoccupations were of another order. He desired to be unmistakably English, to be even a man of Kent; it was therefore unwise to consider him a man of Sussex, as I did once, for I did not know on which side of the dividing line of two counties his house really stood, and did not care. Naturally, to me Conrad was not only English, but timeless and of no particular locality. He was a poet. Of what parish is a poet? However, I erred in my spacious reverence, for improperly I did not approach Conrad as an Englishman, but as an admirer.

* * *

Again, he had done what no other Englishman had done, and, as it happened, what no other Englishman could do, because the time for it was past; for Conrad contributed to the body of English literature authentic and noble testimony to a phase of British ships and British seamen which had gone and was all but forgotten. Not an inconsiderable achievement. All the same, if another Englishman acknowledged him in gratitude for that, why then it was surprisingly discovered that Conrad was a novelist to whom the sea was no more than a background for a study in psychology. The Englishman ought to have known better than to mention ships and seamen, when paying him a tribute. This time the mistake was not all mine; it belonged principally to Havelock Ellis, who had contributed to the *Nation and Athenaeum* a piece of work so good that I rejoiced, both on my own account and Conrad's, when publishing it. Later, I found that its subject was not amused.

There it is. Yet there had been a time—but that was some years before he dismissed the sea as somewhat irrelevant—when Conrad was unacknowledged except by a few first rate judges. There had been a time when it was possible for one of the asses, reviewing a book by Conrad, to recommend that it should be translated by Mrs. Edward Garnett. An infernal and stupid insult. But the world will never be empty of asses; a clear perspective of even the domain of letters is not always easy to get because of the vista of ears, waving and distracting. Why worry? It is part of our delightful landscape. It adds to the interest of the world. We should not know our prospects if they became void of so accustomed a feature. Long may they wave! Conrad, of course, in his early days as a writer was often annoyed both by their unexpectedness and their obstinate and untimely movements.

Yet it was Conrad himself who advised us that it is useless to get angry with the winds of heaven. Of course it is. The winds blow, and the long ears wave, as they list.

Mr. G. Jean-Aubry has given us two volumes, revealing some intimacies of a master which we shall treasure, for they display the litter of the august workshop, the slippers of the great man, and such things; and we love it. He has been a patient but enthusiastic investigator and editor, and the biography in volume one, with its elucidation of people and places in the novels and stories, reads like an elaborate piece of detective work. We have often wondered who Kurtz was, for instance. Mr. Jean-Aubry is able to tell us, for he has been working through the "Heart of Darkness" by the aid of a cryptic diary which Conrad had preserved. We hear of the ship which was the real Judea; of the actual Tom Lingard. This is Joseph Conrad's fountain pen; and that was the material out of which he made his "Arrow of Gold," though you would hardly guess it. Yet the solemn relics rebuke us. The pain which so often is betrayed in his letters is communicated. We have made an immense fuss over him, of late, and now we see that what gives us so much pleasure was done when in agony with gout and in the despair caused by the evident fact that we were not much interested in him, anyway. Now he is gone; and so we will dote over even his letters written in haste on matters of business. If ever this world got authentic news of the death of God, we might become pure in heart.

Vathek

By Hilaire Belloc

THERE are a certain number of books which are of first class excellence and which become partially forgotten. Sometimes their names are remembered and are quoted often enough by people who have never read a line of them. More frequently not even is the title remembered. Among the last is "Vathek." That a certain number of educated men could give you the title of "Vathek," and could even tell you who wrote it—that a much smaller number have actually read it, is true enough, but it does not take the place which belongs to it in the story of English Letters, still less has it the place which belongs to it as a particular, a unique thing.

Yet in the whole range of English literature there are but two short stories in the old sense of the word "short story," not a magazine article but a completed piece of fiction, which can take their rank with the fifty or more of the French model from which they derive. These two are "Rasselas" and "Vathek." Everyone should read them. They ought to be common textbooks with which the youth of England were as familiar as they are with too much of the lesser stuff in Shakespeare and with whole wads of textbook fodder ladled out to them for specimens of their country's achievements.

Of the two books "Rasselas" is the greater, yet "Vathek" the more remarkable. "Rasselas" weighs more, but "Vathek" is the more incisive. It ought to count with that very different book, "Wuthering Heights," as a triumph in deep etching. No one who had read it ever forgets it, or can cast out of his mind the branded lesson which it conveys.

Like "Rasselas" "Vathek" was written at a sitting. Indeed both books convey that powerful sense of unity which is of such value in the founding of any work; and it is unity of a sort which comes through immediate action of the pen when the mind of the writer is at its highest potential. But unlike "Rasselas" "Vathek" was written *literally* at a sitting, if we are to believe its author (and I see no reason why we should not). That is, "Vathek" was written without its author stirring from his work, his mind wholly absorbed in it, and with no distraction of meal or sleep or converse. "Rasselas" was, if I remember right, continuously written indeed, but a matter of a few days. It is worth remembering that while both books are upon a high French model of the eighteenth century (as was for that matter the verse of the time) "Rasselas" was a purely English production. It is as national a book as you would get in the language. But "Vathek," a triumph though it is of English prose, was written originally in French: so scholarly and so adaptable was that generation of educated Englishmen.

Indeed the fate of "Vathek" in the matter of language is as interesting as it is curious. Its author Beckford, perhaps the wealthiest man of his time, the son of a Lord Mayor of London, amused himself by writing the famous thing in the French tongue. For this kind of story had been presented to English minds in the French medium, and Beckford, when he flashed out the work, must have been fresh from the reading of Diderot and Voltaire. Presumably he did not care whether it were known or not, seems to have had no intention even of printing it.

But a clergyman who was with him saw the manuscript, translated it into English, and it is this English version which we have today.

Here is indeed an extraordinary historical incident, and one which makes a man think curiously (and I hope profoundly) upon the genius of language. A piece of work is written by an Englishman in the French tongue. It is so much admired by another Englishman that this other Englishman translates it into English and behold, the result is a significant piece of English prose with no trace of the French original, but sounding as though it came straight (as indeed it did originally) from an English mind.

It is another matter worthy of consideration that the author himself did nothing else in the way of

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writing in the whole of a longish life worth considering, though he was active enough in folly and vice, and that the translator left no mark whatsoever. His name remains without echo even among the minor names of English Letters. Is that not a proof of inspiration? Of the truth that the best written work is not a man's own but something granted to him from outside? I at least think so; so that it always seems to me ridiculous for any man to be vain of really first rate written stuff, or to ascribe it to himself, or to regret the passing and loss of his power to produce it. Whether it also be ridiculous, as it would seem logically to be, that we should revere great names in literature I know not; but at any rate when men cease from this sort of worship society is doomed.

Such effects as that of "Vathek" are not produced by the subject alone, though the subject is necessary to those effects. There is needed to create these rare great things, the indefinable power of style. And the style of "Vathek" is as penetrating and more arresting than that of Voltaire. It is English of the contrasted rythmical balanced style which the eighteenth century spoke as its natural tongue, and of which it made in its highest moments something we shall not reach again. Here also the parallel of "Rasselas" recurs. "Rasselas," too, is written in a perfect manner, but suited to what it has to say, for "Rasselas" is a philosophy of resignation and of right values without alarms, without edge of emotion. In "Vathek" the shorter sentences, or at least the shorter rhythms, the relief of the macabre, the vividness of episode reflected in vividness of idiom, correspond to the arresting business the author has in hand. Not a philosophy, but a parable of the wages of sin and of death.

* * *

The story of "Vathek" is of the simplest. It is the old story of those who defy the gods; the core of all tragedy. For tragedy is not, as has been said, the conflict of two rights, nor is it, as has also been said, the watching of inevitable doom in spite of man's action. Tragedy is the example of retribution; and it is this which makes tragedy, like all other high literary forms, moral.

Vathek is Commander of the Faithful in the early ages of Islam. He ridicules divine things, and yet (it happens to such men) has a twist for diabolism. He is filled with a curiosity for new and vivid experience and for discovery. He would see for himself those things which cannot be seen without supernatural aid of the wrong kind. He wishes to visit the tombs of the Kings before Adam far off in the gloomy and deserted mountains of the Persian border and to know the dwelling of the dead. In all this he is supported by an old witch mother who follows his adventure and shares his fate. He makes a compact with a Demon who visits his court. He sets out eastward with a great train under the promise of the reward he has sought and he obtains it. He passes beneath the earth to the dread sepulchres of the Monarchs of the older time, he comes into the vast hall of Eblis the Ruler of Hell, and therein finds himself suddenly, unexpectedly, dreadfully and forever of the damned. His old mother, his companion throughout, passes with him into that despair.

There is not in the whole range of English letters so far as I know them a description of the loss of a soul compared with those last few lines of "Vathek." Indeed it is one of the marvels of the book, as of all first rate work, that such an effect can be produced with such economy of material. Read it, and it will remain in your mind permanently: the figures that pass, not speaking to each other, with their eyes cast down, and each with a hand upon a burning heart.

The course of the book—the process of its incidents—leads up with an insistent march to that climax. You have in it all the fortunes of the soul; its delights in this world, its repose, and even its last opportunities of salvation. Among the most poignant of the brief, shining passages in the work is that where Vathek comes, in the last stages of his journey, upon a being who sings as might a shepherd in the hills, and whose song half woos him to repentance—till the Sultan determines at one last moment to continue in his evil and his good angel leaves him with a lamentable scream. For the book is full of freewill and is an appalling reality of human life.

Remark that all this was written by one of the vilest men of his time, one whom vice drove before he died to something like madness. It was but a folly in Beckford, yet a typical folly, that he set out to build on his place at Fonthill in Wiltshire a tower higher than any other in the world. It collapsed. Of his evil nature the stories told of him, both true and false, are more illuminating.

The worst that is true of Beckford, the author, need not be repeated; but a story very typical, and I think almost certainly with a core of truth, is this one; I heard it from the child of a contemporary when I myself was young. Beckford at Fonthill isolated himself. Two young bloods had a bet that they would visit him against his will. They rode in and announced themselves. He kept them to dinner, promising them hospitality, but at midnight turned them into the Park, telling them that his hounds were loosed, and locking the door upon them, so that they fled for their lives to the nearest wood, and were rescued by hazard late the next day half dead.

A WOODEN STATUETTE OF CONRAD IN THE FORM OF A SHIP'S PROW BY DORA CLARKE OF ENGLAND. COURTESY SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE

It is not an unknown accident in the history of literature that men thus doomed by their own wickedness should produce work warning others, and certainly there are few that warn more vividly than "Vathek." It is as though the writer had been granted some presentiment of what follows the course of such living as his, had had, as it were, a vision, was artist enough to set the vision down, but not man enough to profit by it. At any rate one may call "Vathek" one of the most profoundly moral books of the world. Whenever I read it I recall the admirable irony of the last phrase in the parable of the Unjust Steward—"That they may receive you into their everlasting habitations." The operative word is "everlasting."

There is no doubt in the mind of the reader of "Vathek" when he lays down the book that "everlasting" is the just epithet for that isolation in the Hall of Eblis, those averted eyes, those hands upon those burning hearts.

An American Canon

(*Continued from page* 191)

adapted to youth and to the moral and esthetic instinct in youthful stages. The fashion now is to decry him, yet if his excellence is not deep it is certainly wide. He must go in the American canon. If there is a later addition it must be Sinclair Lewis. His books, like Bunyan's, Dickens's, Shakespeare's, have given names to the language. They are not yet time-tested but it seems probable that "Babbitt" at least will stay among the few books of which all reading Americans will be conscious and which most Americans will read.

This American canon does not compare in the importance of individual books with the English list, although Emerson, Hawthorne, Twain (in one book), and perhaps Poe could be shifted without too much incongruity. Yet even though some of our greatest names cannot be included, it is a good list for one hundred and fifty years of national history and a fruitful addition to our inheritance in the mother tongue.

The Play of the Week

By Oliver M. Sayler

THE LETTER, a Play in Three Acts. By W. Somerset Maugham. Produced at the Morosco Theatre, New York, September 26, 1927. New York: George H. Doran Co. 1927. $2.

Reviewed from Production and Published Manuscript

In our survey of contemporary drama as oral literature conditioned by purely theatrical expedients, one of the most powerful limiting factors is that of time. To a degree unmatched by any other art, the acted play is temporally circumscribed within a narrow range. Ignoring for the moment the one-act play, which is a highly specialized problem, the actually elapsed acting time of a play today, based on a curtain rising at 8:30 to 8:45 and falling at 11 to 11:15 with customary intermissions, runs from two to two and a half hours. While most plays seem to abide agreeably by this constricted span, we do not know how many significant and stimulating themes are thereby denied birth in the dramatist's imagination. And occasionally a play is presented which is manifestly the victim of this tradition's power, a play unfortunately extended or pared down to this arbitrary length.

A case in point is "The Letter," dramatized by Somerset Maugham from the final short story in his volume, "The Casuarina Tree."

Forceful as it is in the theatre to one who does not know its original form, "The Letter" as a play, loses a great deal of the demonic intensity inherent in its plot. Expansion from fifty pages of narrative to three acts and four scenes—to two hours—slackens the taut wire of this intensity, permits a roving attention, encourages deductive thought, and discounts the power of the startling dénouement. Suspecting that foreknowledge of this dénouement might be responsible for my reaction to the play in the theatre and in book form, I have reread the story, only to find it as relentlessly potent as on first acquaintance. Since dramatic intensity is the paramount resource of "The Letter," anything that attenuates it is inauspicious, prompting inquiry into its inevitability. In other words, I submit that "The Letter" as a play might have preserved its dynamic capital intact if it could have been told in three short scenes of a little over an hour's elapsed duration.

I do not mean to say that "The Letter" in the theatre is weak, thin, ineffective. On the contrary, it grips its audience, it holds the spectator within the spell of sympathy, pity, suspense. But it does so largely because of the personal intensity of Katharine Cornell's characterization of the suffering wife and the atmospheric intensity of Guthrie McClintic's *mise en scène*. Ironically enough, the theatrical expedients of actor and producer tend to counterbalance and quash the damage done by the theatrical expedient of temporal limitation.

Let us see how "The Letter" might have been dramatized to retain its intensity if custom had not imposed an arbitrary length. The plan, scope and site of the first act might still be used, with its mysterious slaying and its informal cross-questioning of Leslie Crosbie in her home on a plantation outside Singapore. Considerable slack might be taken up, though, all the way through. Much more time might be gained in the course of the second act in the prison where Leslie waits her trial, thus denying cerebral processes an opportunity to canvass alternative solutions. Picturesque as the setting is, the substance of the scene in the Chinese quarter at the beginning of the third act could be carried over by reference, to the advantage of suspense, into the final scene, which belongs, as in the story, in the home of the Crosbies' attorney, Joyce, instead of back in the first act setting, for the sake of the staggering and bitter contrasts of the dénouement.

This "Letter" would begin at nearly nine and finish shortly after ten. Can any playgoer honestly contend that he would rather sit through two hours or more of diluted drama, just to "get his money's worth," than crowd a thrilling and really memorable experience into an hour?

The inconsistency and the improvidence of the time limit in the theatre is patent by contrast with the freedom of the other arts. The subject suggests endless discussion, but in no way so eloquently as by recognition of what we would lose in the other arts under similar conditions. Suppose the novel were limited to 250 to 300 pages. In the

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last year or two we would have been robbed of Miss Cather's "My Mortal Enemy" and Mann's "Death in Venice" at the one pole and Wells's "The World of William Clissold," Dreiser's "An American Tragedy," Reymont's "The Peasants," and Mann's "The Magic Mountain" at the other. Or else we would have had the maimed by compression within the formula. If the sonnet were stipulated as the norm of poetry, we could have no quatrain, no epics—no "Tristram." Like consequences to painting, to sculpture, to music, may be readily inferred.

Is there no escape from these shackles which the theatre imposes on drama? Shaw in "Back to Methuselah," the Moscow Art Theatre in "The Brothers Karamazoff" on its home stage, O'Neill in the first versions of "Marco Millions" and "Strange Interlude" have tried to burst the maximum bonds by spreading the performance over two or more evenings. A play in the Japanese theatre runs for eight to ten hours; in the Chinese, for days. At the other extreme, *Der Sturm*, in the early days of the expressionist movement in Germany, attempted to elude the minimum limits by producing plays of terrific intensity at performances that lasted less than half an hour.

Drama as oral literature, of course, is hedged by inevitable limitations from the full temporal and spacial freedom enjoyed by the other arts. Human attention—our Occidental human attention, at least—has its breaking point. Practical factors militate against giving two or more evenings to a single play.

But are there not conditions which are falsely supposed to be inevitable? Have we forgotten that the audience came—and came on time—to see the Moscow Art Theatre begin at 8 o'clock? There, then, is an extra half hour for the play that needs more time to develop its theme. And is it rational to think that playgoers would be offended at being released from the theatre into the comparative navigability of Broadway between the hours of 10 and 10:45? That is, provided the experience they have had in the theatre has been sharp, vivid, concentrated, esthetically satisfying. We may have to approach temporal freedom for dramatic literature by degrees, but I am convinced that only a blind slavery to custom and convention stands in the way of our seeing such plays as "The Letter" at the peak of their possibilities.

(*Mr. Sayler will review Louis Bromfield's "House of Women" next week.*)

Mr. Walpole to the Rescue

JEREMY AT CRALE.* By HUGH WALPOLE. New York: George H. Doran & Co. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

THIS book belongs in a notable tradition of which "Tom Brown at Rugby" and Kipling's "Jungle Books" are the high points of expression. No better testimony to the powerful influence of the English public school could be found than this succession of books in which the code and character of a given kind of education supply for a century the plot and substance of stories, some of which are masterpieces in our literature. Education in its formal sense has not often lent itself so readily to fiction, and the reason is clear: the public school was and is an institution for the development of character, and character is the stuff of that personal literature which we call fiction.

Mr. Walpole's second book on Jeremy runs true to form. There are the expected heroic battles on the football field in which the hero shines, there is the expected fight behind "Runners" between the hero and the villain, although modern subtlety provides a difference in temperament rather than just good and bad as a provocative, there are the bullies and the bullied; the boy who won't tell, the pervasive love of an ideal which the school symbolizes, the freaks and the weaklings, and the long-running moral that you must suffer in order to be strong, be true in order to be good, serve others if you would serve yourself, become self-reliant if you would rule men. "Jeremy at Crale" could all be transliterated into Kipling's terms: Bagheera, Baloo, the banderlog, Shere Kahn, are all in the story, with the same ideas and ideals. And Mowgli is just Walpole's Dormouse and his Jeremy rolled into one.

*This book is not to be published until next week.

Not that this new book is just an imitation. That would be an unjust criticism. It is rather a fresh picture of an old scene that not even the War could materially alter; really fresh, for there is the dew of Mr. Walpole's own memories in it, and the vividness of a loyalty which is not less for being the same. And there are new touches in the picture. Science and art in "Tom Brown" were more than suspect, they were clear signs of weakness. Literature became respectable in " Stalky and Co." In "Jeremy at Crale" art begins to be normal. It is true that the modernist painting of Jeremy's uncle, whose wholly delightful letters adorn the books, is the cause and symbol of a rough and tumble which leads up to the great fight itself. But the esthetic has his place in this modern school, and Ridley, the shadowy figure who is to be Jeremy's ideal companion, is clearly an intellectual.

Indeed if one wishes to inquire too curiously it would be possible to read this good public school story as a defense of a code grown shaky. The bullyings, the tyrannies, the teaching which consists apparently of enthusiasms seldom transferred and a rigid discipline in non-essentials, would be faintly absurd if it were not for the fierce loyalties and fiercer self-suppressions which somehow are inextricably tangled with this archaic conception of culture. It is as if Mr. Walpole somewhat despairingly said: We must keep the ideals of the public school boy. See how they develop in an education which, bad as it is, yet produces character; and if we get character, won't we muddle through the rest?

The fact that Walpole himself is acutely conscious of the cultural values which this school life suppresses makes his defense poignant and gives to this new-old story an originality which differentiates it from the earlier books to which reference has been made.

"Horror-Romanticism"

THE HAUNTED CASTLE. A Study of the Elements of English Romanticism. By EINO RAILO. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1927. $10.

Reviewed by WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

AS to the primitive mind an eclipse of the sun is a portent of horror while to the scientific observer it is an object of detached interest, so ghosts, which afflict the credulous soul, are to the historian of literature excellent material for study. The admirable Dorothy Scarborough wrote a book on ghosts called "The Supernatural in Modern English Fiction," which would disappoint only those readers who took ghosties seriously; and now appears a tall volume called "The Haunted Castle" which might be a mystery story but in reality is a story of mystery.

When in the dew of my youth I passed from the pleasure of reading to the pleasure of investigation, the first important literary problem that appealed to me was this: Why did English men and women at the close of the eighteenth century write such different stuff from that written by English folk at the beginning of the same century? No two literary periods exhibit a sharper contrast. In the seventeen-twenties, realism, classicism, and an urban atmosphere; in the seventeen-eighties romanticism, gothicism, and wild scenery. In the days of Pope, Addison, and Swift, the blaze of noon on London streets and squares and formal gardens; in the days of Percy, Ossian, Mrs. Radcliffe, the strange grey light of the moon on ruined towers and decaying arches. What were the causes of this revolution in English literary taste?

Many books have lately been written on various aspects of this theme; but it is worth whole to point out that the English Romantic Movement of the eighteenth century was quite unlike the French Romantic Movement of the nineteenth century. English literature has always been *instinctively romantic;* the English love spontaneity, "irregularity," the picturesque in poetry, and melodrama in the theatre; the French are instinctively "correct" and formal in literary art. Thus English literature has always been chiefly romantic, except for a short period two hundred years ago, when the talent of a group of writers, Pope, Swift, Addison, and others, imposed rules. The revolt against this domination was largely instinctive and unconscious at first, but swiftly gathered momentum after the middle of the century; whereas in France the genius of Victor Hugo led a self-conscious revolt against the national literary instinct, for with Hugo "romanticism" and "liberty" meant the same thing.

In the growth of English romanticism, the literature of melancholy, enormously stimulated by a revival of interest in Milton's "Il Penseroso," played a prominent part; and this pensive melancholy took a deeper undertone in the poetry of the graveyard, which brought in the element of the supernatural. After the publication in 1764 of Horace Walpole's romance, "The Castle of Otranto," ghosts, demons, and other horrors became quite fashionable.

This new work by Eino Railo, called "The Haunted Castle," is a distinctly valuable and important contribution to the literary history of the English Romantic Movement. It is a book of nearly four hundred pages, supplied with excellent notes, giving references and authorities, but, like most works published in England, containing no index. The author's purpose is to provide a guide to "horror-romanticism," and he sticks to his theme with commendable discrimination. He does not mention the first truly romantic novel of the century, "Longsword," by the Rev. Thomas Leland, published in 1762, two years before "Otranto," and which points directly to the romances of chivalry; this is presumably omitted because it is not a "horror" book, and "Otranto" was. "The Haunted Castle" properly opens with a detailed discussion of Horace Walpole; but the hero of the book is "Monk" Lewis, who is the only author to receive complete biographical treatment. This chapter on Lewis's life and career is one of the most interesting.

The plan of the author is to trace the literature of horror in all its manifestations; ghouls and demons, suspense and terror, various manifestations of the black art, with scenery appropriate to the characters, appear on the stage; in addition to these external features of persons and of machinery, unnatural crimes connected with romantic eroticism and other developments of abnormal psychology receive adequate treatment; and lastly, there is a goodly amount of excellent literary criticism of the English poets and novelists from 1770 to 1830.

* * *

In so thoroughly documented a work, the accumulation of details interferes somewhat with the progress of the thought, and there is, as was unavoidable, a considerable amount of repetition. But on the whole, "The Haunted Castle" may justly be acclaimed, not only as a valuable treatise in original research, but as a decidedly interesting, and at times, compellingly interesting presentation of the theme. The author writes with gusto because he is in love with his subject; but he is always in control.

The contrast between the insanity of the material and the sanity of the writer is at times diverting; and although there is never an attempt at humor, the coolness of the examination suggests quiet enjoyment. It is like a calm diagnosis of mania. The author's splendid common sense appears in the review of the accusation of incest made against Byron, in support of which there is no proof. And what could be better as an instance of sound literary judgment than this paragraph:

> Southey was fully conscious of the sunny virtuousness of his ideal. When he became aware of the faint interest it awakened everywhere and saw how the parallel type, how Cain . . . Byron's black-browed and satanic hero, irresistibly took every fancy . . . he was overwhelmed by bitterness and anger, for in all this he saw a denial of virtue and an approbation of evil. This apparent coldness toward virtue was not, however, so bad as he deemed; it was not a superior morality that was being spurned, but only bad poetry.

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Whence We Were Hewn

HENRY WARD BEECHER: An American Portrait. By PAXTON HIBBEN. New York: George H. Doran Co. 1927. $5 net.

Reviewed by ALBERT JAY NOCK

THE subject of this biography is not a significant figure nowadays. He was a great rhetorician, and rhetoricians are notoriously men of the moment. He had great genius, but the whole order of affairs that engaged his genius has passed away. The moral and theological questions that agitated some of the best minds of that day no longer agitate any one. The great controversies that were waged over them are no longer even a memory among us. Under these circumstances there is a lamentably strong chance that Mr. Hibben's book will fall unread between the new generation of an orthodoxy which knows not Beecher, and the new generation of a heterodoxy to which his name is nothing, and which could not be hired at any price to read anything about him.

A reviewer who wishes to deal fairly with the book should have this possibility in view, and do his utmost to warn both the orthodox and the unorthodox against it. Prefaces have gone largely out of fashion, probably because most books have so little worth prefacing, but Mr. Hibben has written a model preface, showing clearly the value of a careful contemplation of Beecher's life, character, and career. Beecher's permanent interest for Americans of whatever generation—an interest which lifts him quite out of his ecclesiastical, moral, and theological connections, and sets him quite apart from them—is in the fact that "his inner experience was identical with that of millions of his fellow-countrymen. His gift was merely that he was articulate, while they were not. But he was articulate of the very intellectual processes and material growth by which the portentous America of *today was evolving from the provincial, self-opinioned*, ignorant, and intolerant America of 1813." Just such as this, one may venture to predict, is the permanent interest which the historian of half a century hence will find attaching to the career and inner life of the late Mr. Bryan.

Hence Mr. Hibben, if he had been so minded, might have taken as a general motto for his book the words of the prophet, "Look upon the rock whence ye were hewn, and the hole of the pit whence ye were digged." He gives a faithful picture, or rather panorara, of seventy-five years of American social life as lived by its representative and influential classes in half a dozen different sections of the country. We see it first in Litchfield, Connecticut, where Henry Ward Beecher was born, *then in Cincinnati, then in Lawrenceburgh*, then in Indianapolis, then, finally, in Brooklyn; and thus we get in the aggregate a very fair sample of what American people at large were thinking and doing, *their chief interests, their views of life* and their demands on life, and the general furniture of their minds.

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And what a picture it is, good heavens! Mr. Hibben surveys the American scene without rancor, he writes judicially but maturely and shrewdly, and he gives this society full credit for its many virtues—full credit, above all, for its salutary power of rapid evolution—but he is aware, as he could not help being aware, of the utter dreadfulness of its aspect as it stood stark before him. The extraordinary faculty and range of self-deception; the rooted aversion to contact with any kind of reality; the grotesque reticences and dissimulations; the astounding venality, mendacity, and pretentiousness that passed muster as consistent with a full profession of Christianity; the turbid and stagnant sentimentalism of the period; all these make up a total impression that is simply appalling. One lays down the book in amazement, saying, "What people! What a crew! What an existence for full-grown men and women!—was there ever anything on earth like it?"

Then comes the reflection that those times are not, after all, so remote that one can afford to put on airs about them. The fathers of many of us, and the grandfathers of the rest, were in their prime in Beecher's heyday. The thought turns us back on our own civilization with some searching questions about our own moral and social inheritances from that almost inconceivable period, and sets us wondering how far our social evolution has been progressive, and how far merely kaleidoscopic. One feature of this history that particularly moves us to self-examination—and Mr. Hibben is to be congratulated upon the finely-tempered dramatic sense that he employs in showing it—is the monstrous and prodigal waste of life on utter trivialities. One reads the half-page that covers the last thirty years of Theodore Tilton, and asks what in the world American society could have been thinking about. Had it no stronger instinct of self-preservation than to permit that fine spirit, that fine intellect, to be simply frittered away in inertia and discouragement—for nothing, or less than nothing? When we are brought to the end of Beecher's days, we inevitably ask, "Well, what did it all amount to? The progressive plagiarized modifications of theological and social codes, the sacrifices of intellectual integrity made to sustain them, the continuous irruptions of sentimentalism, so agitating and contagious as hardly to be distinguished from a kind of sensuality—how wasteful and trivial, surely, was the employment of such genius on such things as these!" But, we must remind ourselves, all that was America! How much is still America?

It is interesting to observe that the only major characters in the whole story who sustain any intelligent hopes of the human race are, as in real life they so often are, the scandalous and ungodly. There are many minor characters of great excellence and probity, but, curiously, they touch the story only at the edges. In the early scenes, about

HENRY WARD BEECHER
From a pencil sketch by Prudence T. Herrick

the most prepossessing figures, really, are the gambler Alvord and the distiller Comegys. In the later acts, it is the pagan Moulton and his wife, and the outcast suffragists Susan B. Anthony and Elizabeth Cady Stanton, who give by all odds the best account of themselves in point of integrity, good sense, and fineness of spirit. Mr. Hibben himself observes that probably the only human being in the world who ever took Beecher's measure with absolute accuracy was Victoria Woodhull!

In view of Mr. Hibben's cultural traditions, one feels chary of bestowing conventional praise upon his workmanship. It would be quite competent for him to say, "Why should you undertake to patronize me?—what kind of workmanship did you expect?" He will permit me, however, to remark his treatment of certain difficult episodes in Beecher's career, merely to forestall the easy and superficial complacency which says there is no use in raking up old scandals. The older scandals, indeed, serve no social purpose by being raked up, and it will be noticed that Mr. Hibben does not rake them up; he gives them bare mention as steps in a certain line of character-development. But "the Great Brooklyn Romance," as it was called, had to be dealt with; it had to be dealt with realistically. Mr. Hibben would have been quite false to his social purpose if he had not done so, for, as he says, "when the social history of the last quarter of the nineteenth century comes to be written, the Beecher case may be found to have had more to do with clearing the intellectual ground, and freeing the minds of men from the clutter of the past, than any other one episode." *But realistically* does not mean salaciously; and the general good taste of Mr. Hibben's treatment clearly draws the line between the two.

It is in a sense unfortunate that this book is so interesting, because one may so easily think that it was meant only to be interesting, and that if one reads it with interest one has done one's full duty by it. On the contrary, one ought to make very hard work of reading it. The constructive imagination ought consciously to have free play over every paragraph, recreating, filling out, and lighting up each scene that it presents, and relating it closely with the present. If the book be read in this way, it is worth an armful of moral treatises; if not, it is merely a highly interesting book.

From Al to Alfred

ALFRED E. SMITH, A CRITICAL STUDY. By HENRY F. PRINGLE. New York: Macy-Masius. 1927. $3.

Reviewed by HEYWOOD BROUN

HENRY F. PRINGLE has chosen to call his book "Alfred E. Smith" a "critical study" rather than a biography and this is sound judgment, because it is all but impossible to write a "life" without a death. In addition to being alive Alfred E. Smith is at the moment much upon the move. Mr. Pringle faces some of the difficulties which would have come to an author who undertook a history of the career of William Shakespeare at the precise moment that his subject was hard at work upon the second act of "Hamlet."

The present book is predicated upon the belief that Governor Smith will obtain the Democratic nomination for President in the convention to be held in 1928. All sorts of things may happen within a month or a week which will put Mr. Pringle's book out of date. Indeed if the gentleman in Albany decided this very morning to choose publicly not to run, "Alfred E. Smith, A Critical Study" would on the instant become a book without reason or purpose. Accordingly, it would be silly to stress the point that the study is essentially a piece of journalism. The newspaper lens is best of all adapted for picturing a figure in action. And if there is any reproach in the word "journalism" I can only say that Henry F. Pringle has given us the very best sort of journalism.

Not every difficulty of the task has been overcome. We have the story of a career rather than of a man. In the deepest sense of the word the book hardly lives up to the adjective "critical."

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It is, however, a tale singularly fair and absorbingly interesting. The author possesses to a large degree a gift conspicuous in the equipment of his distinguished sitter. Mr. Pringle has been able to deal with technical themes such as taxation and water power and make them readable to a public which is not by nature much inclined to give consideration to such things. Somebody once said, and I think it was a former columnist of the New York *World*, that Alfred E. Smith could write a melodrama around an appropriation bill, and it should stand to the credit of Henry Pringle that he has fashioned an enthralling story without recourse to any love interest. The great passion of Mr. Smith's life seems to have been the business of politics and government. Although Al is the darling of the sidewalks of New York he is a man, as the author points out, who does not care for cards, horse racing, pugilism, or baseball. Mr. Pringle has concerned himself with the very curious fact that the most exciting figure in public life at the moment is in many ways more mentally austere than Woodrow Wilson who was scorned by quite a few as "the scholar in politics."

But I must admit that the book does not quite solve the mystery of the exceeding popularity of a political leader who is, aside from surface friendliness, one of the most aloof figures our public life has known. Granted the great difficulty of the task, I would like to see a book which went somewhat more deeply into the secret places of the heart and mind of Alfred E. Smith. We are permitted to look at judiciously selected specimens from the public utterances of the Governor, but there is lacking any great amount of examination of the ferment which occurred before the words took shape. And incidentally I had no intention of being cynical in remarking that this was a book without a love story. Mr. Pringle has paid his respects to the Governor's courtship and marriage, but Mrs. Smith emerges as a character only dimly seen. And so they married and lived happily ever after. This is a simplification permissible in newspaper and fairy stories. I will grant that all this is a little captious. Naturally it would hardly be possible for Smith's biographer to give us conversations over the breakfast table in the Executive Mansion at Albany. Never-

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theless I am curious to know. And if this could be in any way a complete portrait we would have to hear almost as much about the Governor's relations to his children as to the legislature. Tact and taste, as well as lack of knowledge, may constitute obstacles in dealing with that part of Alfred E. Smith's life which is private. Since this is a book about the politician rather than the person one may add that such matters are not of vital importance. But one singularly personal phase of the Governor's mind is legitimately a matter of public concern and in this respect the biographer has not been able to obtain sufficient information to satisfy legitimate curiosity entirely. One of the most important things about Alfred E. Smith is the fact that he is a Catholic. Naturally, Mr. Pringle has devoted a large amount of space to the Marshall correspondence and what brought it about. He has recorded that the subject of his book is, "a devout and sincere communicant of the Roman Catholic Church." But I myself want to know just what is the nature of Alfred E. Smith's religious belief. Rather more is needed than a denominational label and an article in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

But all this is criticism from the standpoint of a par performance. Some of the things for which I have asked are not to be found even in the lives of men long dead and carefully studied. Out of all the biographies of Lincoln, for instance, not one has given us a clear and unimpeachable picture of his faith. Nor do I remember that any one of the brilliant Napoleon books has had much to say about what the Emperor ate and drank. Al Smith is, so the world assumes, a wet as well as a Catholic and it is not wholly impertinent for us to want to know whether he would drink 2.75 beer if we had it.

If a great man wants to leave behind him a perfect life he should first obtain a Boswell. No newspaper man can readily assume this function for to a Boswell nothing is privileged. Still, it must be granted that Mr. Pringle has not abused the familiar reticence of the journalists which makes them feel in honor bound to protect their friends in politics. One gathers that Henry Pringle knows Smith well and likes him even better, but he is entirely ready to see and mark down motes and beams in the Governor's career. No Democratic organization will ever make a campaign document of Pringle's book. And that is a pity, for this book to an amazing extent succeeds in giving the effect of truth. Not the whole truth, to be sure, but enough to confirm the popular impression that Al Smith is the most fascinating of American politicians and perhaps the most able.

Indeed the present book does more than make the reader want to vote for Smith. My own notion is that if the Governor of New York becomes the President of the United States there should be an act of Congress empowering Henry F. Pringle to drop everything else and take up residence in the White House equipped with pencil, paper, and a folding typewriter. He has completed with great distinction an introduction to the life of Alfred E. Smith. I hope that both Mr. Pringle and Mr. Smith will in time go further.

Macabre Tales

THE MAN WHO WAS BORN AGAIN. By Paul Busson. New York: John Day Co. 1927. $2.50.

THE cult of the macabre and the grotesque for its own sake, as exemplified in the tales of Hoffmann and Poe, has survived in modern Teutonic literature, and has even gained in popularity since the war. Whatever the spiritual or racial causes for this, the result has been a number of curious and fascinating books,—books often having no direct contact with today, yet modern in their new shades of horror. Paul Busson's "The Man Who Was Born Again" is not the best written of these diabolic fantasies, but like Hanns Heinz Ewers's "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," also translated recently, it fulfils its purpose admirably by producing an atmosphere of hysteria, morbidity, and cruelty in which the most unlikely events become credible.

Though its main theme is reincarnation, Herr Busson's book is more apt to be remembered for the strange adventures of Baron Melchior Dronte than for its theories of the life after death. This hero suffers as a private in the army of Frederick the Great, indulges in student escapades reminiscent of the young Faust, attends a particularly delectable witch's sabbath, and finally encounters Dr. Guillotin in Paris, with fatal results. The background is crude, vivid, boldly filled in, with a disregard of chronology and detail. While Herr Busson takes himself a bit seriously at times, there is an abundance of narrative incident of the most ghastly sort, and a lively translation by Prince Mirsky and Thomas Moult helps to sustain interest.

An Ingrown Family

JALNA. By Mazo de la Roche. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1927. $2.

Reviewed by Allan Nevins

TEN-THOUSAND-DOLLAR prize novels and prize plays, as a weary public has learned, are not always superlatively good. They may be as commonplace as Leona Dalrymple's "Diane of the Green Van," or as quickly forgotten as Alice Brown's "Children of Earth." But a $10,000 prize contest which the austere *Atlantic Monthly*, with its tradition of excellence, conducts, and which induces eleven hundred writers to enter, raises high expectations. It is pleasant to say that "Jalna" fulfils them. It is a Canadian novel, by a Canadian woman whose three previous books had not succeeded in making her known; and it carries a wild freshness, a novelty of appeal, an aromatic tang, which are like a gust from cool Canadian forests.

The first fifty pages show where its strength lies —in the creation of character. Here is an Anglo-Canadian household of the great landed squirearchy in lower Ontario, living on a thousand-acre holding which they treat as an ancestral manor; a household whose every member is a distinct and arresting personality. What a vivid family group! the reader cries after the first few chapters; and they grow more vivid as the book progresses. Not one of the Whiteoak clan is commonplace, yet not one of them—however great our initial surprise—fails to become convincing. They have blood, lineage, culture in common; Indian army officers, British admirals and baronets, are in the background. This fact alone renders the household, set down in the naked Canadian farming region along blue Ontario, highly interesting. But their individual saliencies make us forget even this. From the old matriarch Grandma Whiteoak, ninety-nine and looking forward to her hundredth birthday, to the spoiled boy Wakefield and the misplaced butler Wragge, they are each sharply unique. One of the characters, observing Grandma admiringly, ruminates upon the individualism of the family:

> **There was a certain fierce grandeur about her. Her nose was magnificent. She looked as though she should have a long record of intrigues, lovers, and duels behind her, yet she had been buried most of her life in this backwater. Ah, perhaps that was the secret of her strong individualism. The individualism of all the Whiteoaks. They thought, felt, and acted with Victorian intensity. They threw themselves into living with unstudied sincerity. No emotion was too timeworn, too stuffy, to be dragged forth by them and displayed with vigor and abandon.**

Life in the great hereditary house at Jalna (the East Indian name which the original Whiteoak gave the seat), with three generations of clashing wills under one roof, was never dull and sometimes rather exciting. It becomes constantly and intensely exciting soon after Miss de la Roche raises her curtain upon it. One of the five grandsons of the house brings home from New York a bride. This grandson is Eden, a harum-scarum, handsome, selfish lad who has blossomed out as a poet, and who, going down to see his publisher, has fallen in love with a delightful girl employed by the firm—Alayne. It is through Alayne's eyes that we see deepest into the minds and hearts of the inmates at Jalna. Quickly—almost too quickly, for a winter and spring cover Miss de la Roche's action—Alayne becomes the centre of a perilous drama, for she transfers her love from her young husband Eden (a disappointing boy to her as to everyone else) to his older brother Renny. It is Renny who, by virtue of years, energy, experience—he has fought in the war —and force of character, is the real master of Jalna. More perilous still, Renny at once returns her attachment.

To comprehend what a tension this instantly creates, what a storm-presaging sultriness descends upon the manorhouse of Jalna, we must know the inhabitants of the place as Miss de la Roche makes us know them. Above all other figures rises Grandma, once the proud wife of an officer in India, now intent upon being a centenarian—her birthday celebration gives the book its most amusing pages. She is fiercely outspoken; her spirit is unbroken by life or the fear of death; at one moment she is handsome with her Chatham nose and unconquerable air; at the next ugly with her beard and wrinkles; now in a gusty storm of anger striking at a grandson with her stick, the Indian parrot Boney shrieking curses above her head; now emerging from a sudden doze to hunt for peppermint drops and demand, "Somebody kiss me, quick." There are her two sons, Nicholas and Ernest, youngsters of seventy-five and seventy-eight, each in his way a burnt-out volcano, each tottering but still acute. After more or less stormy careers, Nicholas in London and Ernest backing other men's notes, they are ending their days in Jalna. There is the granddaughter Meg, fat and forty, eating lunches in her own room, and nursing the sweetness of martyrdom because a fiancé twenty years earlier had proved unfaithful. Finally, there are the five grandsons, each with a burning intensity of his own to focus upon life. Alayne sums up the older members, each in his or her room:

> **How quiet Jalna could be! It lay under a spell of silence, sometimes for hours. . . . Why this turgid storing up behind all these closed doors? Grandmother: Boney . . . India . . . crinolines . . . scandal . . . Captain Whiteoak. Nicholas: Nip . . . London . . . whiskey . . . Millicent . . . gout. Ernest: Sasha . . . Shakespeare . . . old days at Oxford . . . debts. Meg: broken hearts . . . bastards . . . little lunches . . . cozy plumpness.**

She also sums up her first frightened reaction when she finds herself in love with the wrong brother:

> **She must get Eden away from here before the sinister spell of the house caught them and held them forever. Above all, she must not be in the house with Renny Whiteoak. She no longer concealed from herself the fact that she loved him. She loved him as she had never loved Eden —as she had not known that she was capable of loving anyone. A glimpse of him on his bony gray mare would make her forget whatever she was doing. His presence in the dining room or drawing room was so disturbing to her that she began to think of her feelings as dangerously unmanageable.**

There are false movements in the beginning of the book; but once the story reaches its stride it moves forward logically, swiftly, and more than a little poignantly. Rennie Whiteoak does not forget that he is civilized with the civilization of his aristocratic British forebears. Alayne cannot forget her Puritan ancestry and upbringing. He does not betray his brother, and she does not betray her husband. They simply suffer together, decide there is no way out, and after rapid and shaking events, for the tale is full of incident, part in complete mastery of themselves. It is her husband Eden who in the end really betrays them both. He runs off as the result of a love affair with another girl, a girl on whom he had no right to look admiringly, and thereby throws Jalna into such turmoil as it had not known before. But his falsity only confirms their own determination to be true to their ideals of conduct.

But as we close the book, with Alayne returning to New York and Rennie absorbing himself again in his horse-breeding, it is not the plot which chiefly interests us. It is the manorhouse Jalna, in its English park surrounded by Canadian grainfields; it is above all the strange, motley, and very real inhabitants. It is Grandma, triumphant in her hundred years as she watches the birthday bonfire, her be-ringed hands on her ebony stick, her profane parrot chained to the perch above her head; it is Meg, eating her snack of strawberries, cream, and scones in the retirement of her own room; it is the two old cronies, Nicholas and Ernest, chaffing and abusing each other and yet inseparable; it is the little group of grandsons. Two of these, the boy Wakefield, with his coltish impulses, and the callow, miserable, self-uncertain lad Finch, just at the awkward age when everything in the world seems hostile, are admirable bits of portraiture, as good as Rennie and Eden. Miss de la Roche has created a little sphere that is new, vivid, and memorable. She has made a strange place and a stranger group seem real and significant, and we part from them with regret.

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Mixed Elements

THE MAD CAREWS. By MARTHA OSTENSO. New York: Dodd Mead & Company. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHAN J. SMERTENKO

IT is a tribute of a certain type that two years after publication as a prize novel Miss Ostenso's first work, "Wild Geese," is still kept on the seven-day shelves reserved in New York City libraries for the most popular of the season's fiction. This demand for a book long after advertising and critical opinion have ceased to stimulate public interest in it bespeaks a genuine appeal to the appetite of the reading masses. The essence of this appeal in "Wild Geese" lies in Miss Ostenso's capacity for intense dramatization of elementary and therefore readily understood emotional conflicts.

"The Mad Carews" again reveals this power but with a difference. In this novel it is no longer an ability effectively utilized in the telling of a story self-engendered in the author's imagination but a power exploited in a plot concocted for the purpose. The emotional conflicts are still elementary but they are also obvious; the dramatic situations are still intense but they are so clearly fabricated that they have no genuine interest for the sophisticated reader.

Miss Ostenso is undoubtedly aware of these limitations. She has frankly and consciously written an artificial tale full of popular villainies and heroics which makes no claim to being another of the contemporary studies and interpretations of the Middle West. The aristocratic Carews who are her chief actors form an improbable and impossible group out of Mrs. Radcliffe's romances. They neither win conviction nor awaken sympathy and they force the author to such technical crudities as the use of the ancient dramatic method of inapposite and irrelevant dialogue to tell their story.

And yet the Middle West does enter fully and oppressively into the novel. Miss Ostenso cannot but concern herself with the people of the soil because they are the world which has reality for her and on which she can exert her no inconsiderable power of depiction. Their struggles and ambitions, pieties and adulteries are material that she has thoroughly at her command. And it is material rich in petty human interest. It is the substance of village gossip which each country editor would so joyfully publish in place of the polite inanities of his local columns but which finds utterance only in the pool room and at the meeting of the Ladies' Aid.

* * *

In its own way, then, Miss Ostenso's sentimental fable is as bitter an arraignment of rural need and cruelty and passion as the utterly different work of T. F. Powys or of Maxim Gorki. For by multiplying the externals of existence that have no deepening effect on her characters she intensifies our impression of the community, an impression in which sordid and carnal elements occupy all of the foreground and human beings are less the protagonists than the victims of life. It is this quality of "The Mad Carews," subordinated by the author to her romantic nonsense, which demands serious consideration for her novel. Despite her shadowy characters, despite the rag-rug pattern of old thrillers which is her plot, Miss Ostenso has endowed the work with a vitality that is relentless in its grip on the attention of the reader; and while there isn't a page or an incident that is naturally absorbing, the wealth of minor details retains the interest of those, even, who are repelled by the theatrical action and the pompous prose.

Of the major defects this last is most marked. The combination of a grand Chautauqua manner with utterly slipshod writing is often depressing, often ludicrous, and always wearisome. The fact that Elsa Bowers, aged ten, is lying flat on her stomach, "her eyes lost in the hot blue blur of the far horizon," has this fanfare:

> Ghosts of centuries of sunlight crowded this August afternoon. Here was no single summer's day, dazzling the eyes, troubling the blood with its odors of drying, sweet, and unexotic growth, but an æon of such days, spectral and lambent, in carnival on this prairie, on this flat and northern earth of Minnesota. Here eternity danced its static, vibrant dance of heat over the stubble, or floated in a gilded mote of dust down the ladder of sunlight thrust through the crack of a barn wall to the gloom and quiet within.

And similarly confused apostrophes to nature introduce other trivialities. Moreover the book abounds in foreign turns of phrase,—"It itched at her toes so that those of one foot dug into those of the other"—balanced by the awkward formality of Carew speech,—"I beg your pardon, of course, but that silver was brought over from England by the second Bayliss Carew on his first trip, not by the first Bayliss on his second trip, as you would have it"—with which Miss Ostenso seeks to create the atmospheric distinction between her American aristocrats and their social inferiors.

Miracles in Midrans

THE MIRACLE BOY. By LOUIS GOLDING. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1927. $2.

Reviewed by ROBERT NATHAN

Author of "The Woodcutter's House"

IN a lonely village of the Tyrolean mountains, a traveller finds painted on houses and carved on door posts the likeness of a yellow-haired youth with wild blue eyes. Upon his shoulder is perched a raven. His aspect, though he wears modern peasant dress, is that of a saint. Gradually the traveller pieces together the quasi-legendary story of this youthful miracleworker, Hugo Harpf, and of Hansl, his raven—the strange and beautiful tale of one whom his simple fellow villagers accepted as a second Christ, and whom, when witless fanaticism had put him to death, they expected to see rise from his grave no later than the third day.

So you see—this book is not a photograph album.

A cartoon by William Rose Benét

It deserves, rather, the respectful criticism of Rabbi Eliezer, Moses of Cordova, and Eliphas Levi. The young author of "Forward from Babylon" has descended at last into his racial self, below the outposts of rebel and critic, and has come, as was to be expected, on the inevitable inmost Cabbalist.

But I do not wish to imply that "The Miracle Boy" is a book only for the theosophically minded. Like the novels of Algernon Blackwood, it is first of all and most of all an exciting story. Terror walks on tiptoe through pages which are full of lovely description and ironical humor. It is impossible not to be swept along in the tide of eerie beauty which mounts through the book, as through the Floriansthal, in loftier waves.

"Tages of the Etruscans, Jesus of the Christians, Hugo of Midrans . . . doomed were they all," says Mr. Golding. This is his story. And how well written it is. A style supple and vigorous, in which there is room for beauty and for reflection, a style at once leisurely, and sharp to the point of rapture. The odors of the Tyrol blow through the book, the winds of the Tyrol. . . . It has the sweep, it has the dignity of the grand manner. It might have been written by an ancient.

Except . . .

Except that all these grave Etrurian mysteries, these miracles in Midrans, have but one purpose—the winning of the peasant girl, Nanni Tratzl. It is for her sake that the young peasant, Hugo, breaks his body to free the wonder-working demon of his spirit. What a curious mixture of ancient and modern—of mystical and practical! Paracelsus, the adept and the all-too-mortal in one. The ancient gods did not destroy themselves for love of a mortal maid. As a matter of fact, it was the other way around. They died, and they were born again, they sacrificed themselves for divine reasons, for earth, for the spring, for the renewal of life. On the other hand, what if we call the apple-cheeked Nanni, Keneseth Israel? Now the Cabbalists will prick up their ears. However, then we must forget Tages of the Etruscans—Tages who was, besides, a demon and not a god.

I fear that Moses of Cordova would be puzzled.

But these are questions for the mystics and the scholars. Let them decide as they please. The book is also for us, who do not understand these matters, a love story, the story of a man and a maid, of demons and beasts, of drinking and fighting. It is a story of mountain and sky, of valley and wood; it is the work of an imagination fertile and vigorous. And to one reader, at least, who finds it harder and harder to distinguish between the modern novel and the family wash set out upon the line, it is at once an exciting and a comforting event.

Men and Affairs

SHOW WINDOW. By ELMER DAVIS. New York: John Day Co. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR COLTON

MR. DAVIS warns us in a preface—vigorously, almost defiantly, entitled "To You, Whoever You Are"—that we will probably not like this book, which seems honest to the verge of Quixotism, because it is "deplorably unorthodox," which puts either his candor or his readers under suspicion. Is it calculated candor? Why suspect us so unkindly of orthodoxy? It appears that there are two kinds of orthodoxy now, and his expectation that no one will love him is based on the fact that he is at odds with them both, with the old standardized Americanism (Rotarian and Puritan, Coolidge and complacent prosperity, Babbittry, boobery, and bunk) and on the other hand with standardized revolt, and the cult of assorted disgruntlements whose high priest is Mr. Mencken. But there are a great many of us uncommitted to either of these schools, uninterested in eternal truth as pronounced by either the *Nation* or the White House Spokesman. I am afraid Mr. Davis's solitude is imaginary. His "subspecies" is neither rare, nor obsolescent, nor so exclusive as to contain only Mr. Simeon Strunsky and Mr. Lee Wilson Dodd and himself. It is almost multitudinous enough to be orthodox, a species perhaps unclassifiable, a cult without a creed, and yet a goodly number of its members would subscribe at least to a liking for any man's "getting off his chest" whatever oppresses him, provided he gets it off in good shape.

In fact I have no quarrel with Mr. Davis's judgments on men or affairs or books; inasmuch as they run on similar lines to my own I think him very sane and sensible. Nor with his wit, or the occasional vicious dig of his satire. Satire ought to have a vicious dig, and wit is all too rare to be unwelcome. My quarrel is really with his style. His matter does not annoy me, but his manner rather infrequently does. The matter is good enough to wear as good a style as Bernard Shaw's, but Mr. Davis will be ever and again slopping over into "flash" journalese. Current colloquialism is an insidious tempter. It is lively and immediately effective, but it is cheap goods and it fades from brilliant into smart.

Mr. Davis is handling subjects of some weight. He is a scholar and knows his Latin poets well. His essay on Catullus comes within sight of the goal of an enduring charm. The elements are there. A French critic would first remark of it that the parts are not in the right order; an English critic that such things as "Lesbia's husband was a highly respectable stuffed shirt" is not witty but flippant, that flippancy is a kind of vulgarity—and both of them are cheap; an American critic may be forced to agree, but he adds a personal feeling of pain because he understands the dialect and can see the vigor and capacity behind it, which a foreigner probably would not see.

Again, a man should not use a sword as if it were a club, or a duelling pistol like a gatling gun. "Mercurian" satire, the manner of Mr. Mencken and his imitators, is mostly clubs and gatling guns, but Mr. Davis knows a more discriminating marksmanship and has a suppler wrist, but—to drop the figure—

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it would do him no harm to be more polite. His discrimination fails him between irony and irony degenerated to a sneer—a little urbanity is not a button on your foil. It is good form, and good form in any game is nearly always the more efficient. Whether or not the portraits of Anthony Comstock, Mayor Thompson, and Bishop Manning are just and true to the pure witness of all judging Jove, there are enough fallible mortals who will think them in substance not unlike their own impressions. The essay called "Prolegomena to Christology" will give offense by its manner rather than by its matter. Behind the unruly pen concealed, is a scholar and a thinker, caustic, grave, even melancholy. Would he were not concealed.

If I seem to have said so much in support of Mr. Davis's expectation that his readers will not like his essays, it is the expression of an annoyance which has its roots in appreciation; it is in the endeavor to speak for readers who will not dislike them, but will find their liking unnecessarily interrupted.

A Mental Autobiography

TRANSITION. A Sentimental Story of One Mind and One Era. By WILL DURANT. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1927. $3.

Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

HAS Mr. Will Durant, after writing the most virile history of philosophers that has been produced in our period, now also written the most vital autobiography? It seems so, to one reviewer at least. Lightly, deftly, as if it were the easiest thing in the world to do, Mr. Durant through his own story has sketched the spiritual life of his generation. Highly significant is the tale for anyone who would understand this changing America. What could be less traditionally American than the life of this most popular American writer? The son of French Canadians, brought up a Roman Catholic, trained for the Church and cherishing its faith emotionally long after he had sacrificed its intellectual basis, plunging from the Church into radical socialism, getting himself arrested and then blown up with anarchists, and finally abandoning all social utopias and reaching the nirvana of philosophic tranquillity; there is not a single stage of his career but is an affront to all the traditional Puritanism of America. And yet it is thoroughly typical of the intellectual drama of today in this country: first act, loss of faith in God; second act, loss of faith in man; third act, unexpectedly triumphant conclusion, faith in the vital forces of nature. It is the optimistic dénouement which keeps the drama after all typically American. This is our particular form of the famous Wordsworthian recovery. Why so much fuss and fury, a conservative might ask, if we are only to end with another faith, as dubious as the one we abandoned and far less comforting? But hearken to Mr. Durant's eloquence:

> Even before Ethel's coming I had begun to rebel against that mechanical conception of mind and history which is the illegitimate offspring of our industrial age. I had suspected that the old agricultural view of the world in terms of seed and growth did far more justice to the complexity and irrepressible expansiveness of things. But when Ethel came, and I saw how some mysterious inner impulse, far outreaching the categories of physics, lifted her up, inch by inch and effort by effort, on the ladder of life, I felt more keenly than before the need of a philosophy that would do justice to the infinite vitality of nature. In the inexhaustible activity of the atom, in the endless resourcefulness of plants, in the seeming fertility of animals, in the hunger and movement of infants, in the laughter and play of children, in the love and devotion of youth, in the restless ambition of fathers and the life-long sacrifice of mothers, in the undiscourageable researches of scientists and the sufferings of genius, in the crucifixion of prophets and the martyrdom of saints,—in all things I saw the passion of life for growth and greatness, the drama of everlasting creation.

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Here in his demand for a new conception of causation, biological rather than physical, Mr. Durant voices the deepest philosophic urge of his age. He is, to be sure, not one to satisfy his own demand: "Transition" even more than "The Story of Philosophy" is the record of questions asked rather than of answers given; but he is, supremely, one to catch the general drift of thinking and to take the flying leap from logic into life and back again.

But an autobiography, before attaining symbolic value, must first have literary value in itself. Mr. Durant writes of Mr. Durant as interestingly as he writes of others. The book has no apparent concealments and yet is without exhibitionism. Its author neither hides nor boasts of his weaknesses. His emotionalism—in contrast to passion—is much franker than we are wont to see in print; so many masculine tears are rarely acknowledged; Mr. Durant is unabashedly feminine where most men are abashedly so. The portrait is that of a fascinating personality—febrile, intense, bold yet sensitive, challenging but deeply kind. His tolerance of other beings, indeed, goes so far as to vitiate many of the incidental portraits in the autobiography, glazing the pictures of family and friends with a rather viscous layer of sentiment. And yet this supertenderness is perhaps also responsible for some of the best things in the book. There are certain passages in it which may well bear comparison for sheer literary power with anything in contemporary literature: the picture of the mother's agony over her son's apostasy, with her broken iteration, "My God! My God! Give me back my son!": the cool, sharp scene of Carney's death; the idyllic Ariel sections fresh with their April love. All in all, "Transition" is to be enjoyed, then pondered, then again enjoyed.

International Marriage

TRANSPLANTED. By BRAND WHITLOCK. New York: D. Appleton & Company. $2.50.

MR. WHITLOCK'S fancy is floral; after "Uprooted" comes "Transplanted," and one must observe that this story looks as if it has been transplanted from his barrel. Not that "Transplanted" has those technical faults commonly associated with the barrel story; on the contrary, it is a good deal better written than it deserves. But the theme, and the treatment, date it back in the first administration of Theodore Roosevelt, so plainly that the occasional references to cutaway coats and the recent death of King Edward VII strike the reader as anachronisms. Mr. Whitlock may have meant to set his story about 1911, but it sounds a good deal more like 1901.

This is the story of an international marriage, of the laborious but finally successful transplantation of Dorothy Manning. Dorothy's father, happily for his own comfort defunct before the story opens, was one of those captains of industry whose ducats and daughters were the favorite themes of novelists at the turn of the century; and this Dorothy, though a civilized and sensible person (one thanks Mr. Whitlock for that, considering some of the heroines of international-marriage stories) conceived a curious ambition to join the French nobility. She liked the Comte Georges de Granvallon, and fell pretty much in love with him after she married him; but her real passion was for his château of Chaunois. On the other hand, she had no love at all for his highly matriarchal mother, nor for his cousin by marriage, Hélène, with whom Georges had been conducting a liaison which neither of them dreamed of giving up merely because lack of funds constrained him to marry a rich American. Ultimately Dorothy succeeded; she managed to become a Granvallon, without sacrificing much of her self-respect —and, one is inclined to ask, what of it?

No doubt it is a difficult and laborious undertaking for an American girl to acclimatize herself in a French noble family, and her success is something of an accomplishment. As much may be said for living twelve days on top of a flag pole. Twenty-five years ago international marriages were a problem; whether you approved of them or not, you regarded them with a certain awe-struck solemnity. But the war has changed all that, and would have changed it even if Ludwig and Millicent Salm had not reduced such matters to an absurdity. The states of mind of Mr. Whitlock's characters are historically accurate, but the reader is apt to feel as if they were exciting themselves over the scientific validity of Genesis or the constitutionality of secession.

All of this shadow boxing, it must be remarked, is admirably done; Mr. Whitlock's style has a texture, especially when he is dealing with country life at Chaunois, that suggests a tapestry, beautifully embroidered even if the pictures are themselves of small account. He knows civilized people and civilized stage settings a good deal better than some of our ostentatiously sophisticated moderns; and his account of Dorothy's relations with her husband, though lacking the pyrotechnics of the current mode, is thoroughly sound psychology. One cannot help regretting that this excellent workmanship, and the excellent typography of the book, are bestowed on a topic of so little intrinsic importance. But possibly the great events of which Mr. Whitlock has been a part lie too close to him to give him, as yet, a theme for a novel.

Problems of Democracy

THE PUBLIC AND ITS PROBLEMS. By JOHN DEWEY. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by HAROLD J. LASKI

WHILE it would be untrue to say that Mr. Lippmann's "Public Opinion" wrought a revolution in our conception of democracy, it is not beyond the mark to suggest that it crystallized a series of doubts and disillusions in a peculiarly emphatic way. It made the ordinary just a position of the individual and the community which is the traditional antithesis of political science, seem futile and banal. It showed the individual as plunged into a welter of impressions about which democratic institutions ask his judgment, and about most of which he either has not, or is incapable of forming, any opinion. Mr. Lippmann accordingly assumed that the idea of any attempt to govern by undifferentiated public opinion was folly; and he dissolved the notion of democracy into a series of experts finding facts and of expert communities discovering the necessary conclusions to be drawn from those facts.

One can trace in the literature of the last three or four years the immense influence exerted by Mr. Lippmann's argument. The sense of its importance is the surrounding environment of Professor Dewey's book. Like everything he writes, it is extraordinarily suggestive; also, like everything of his I am fortunate enough to know, it is quite extraordinarily difficult. If I understand Professor Dewey aright—I am by no means certain that I do—he has no difficulty in accepting the democratic ideal. "It is," he writes "a name for a life of free and enriching communion." But he argues that there cannot be an effective democratic society until "free social enquiry is indissolubly wedded to the art of full and moving communication." There are, he thinks, weighty barriers in the way of which the biggest is our method of social enquiry. We are obsessed, he things, by the search for laws of causation which make us fit our problems into prejudged patterns instead of making the statement of the problems, and, therefore, its solution, arise naturally from the material we encounter. We disintegrate our relationships, so to say, instead of seeing that the adjustments they symbolize are as much in and of the material as the individuals and groups we encounter there. Not until we replace this absolutist by an experimental logic will it be possible to meet our problems in a creative way.

I think that underlying this argument is an important truth admirably illustrated by Professor Dewey in his discussion of the relation between the expert and the public. If I may say so, the conclusion to which he tends is as old as Aristotle. It is the simple thesis that the cook may know the dinner is prepared, but those who dine are the best judges of its quality. Much of the argument by which Mr. Lippmann and his followers attain a certain scepticism in the presence of democracy seems to me to miss this point completely. They forget that I alone can really report my experience of life; that I alone, also, can say whether a new method adopted as a result of my report does what its sponsors expect that it will do. To hand us over to the expert, therefore, does not advance us further than the point at which the patient hands himself over to the doctor. He reports his symptoms and tries the cure; but he retains the right to consult another physician. I wish that Professor Dewey had given more attention to the problem of teaching Jones how to report his experience. That seems to me to involve a complex of institutions which would radically alter the present scheme of representative government. And as the consequences of its operations were observed I think it would be seen that the equal claim of men on the common good which is the thesis of democracy is unattainable in the presence of grave economic disparities. What, in brief, Mr. Lippmann and his disciples have shown is that an ideal is unworkable if the conditions it broadly postulates are absent. Our scheme of things is modeled so that most men cannot report, and are not taught to report, what life does to them; nor are they made to see that the institutions can only function for their interests

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if they seek to coöperate in working them. The problem of the public is above all the consequences which flow from this inadequacy. Professor Dewey's approach to it clarifies at least a part of the issue. But I doubt whether an improvement in the method of social enquiry, valuable as that would be, is really more than an incident in a much bigger campaign.

Prince of Thieves and Poets

THE ROMANCE OF VILLON. By FRANCIS CARCO. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1927. $5.

Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

THE choice of a novelist, Francis Carco, to write the life of Villon for the series, "Le Roman des Grandes Existences," which is being brought out by Plon in Paris and by Knopf in New York, is highly understandable. The known facts of Villon's existence are few, disconnected, and sometimes contradictory. We are sure that he was born in Paris in 1431; that he studied and obtained the rank of clerk; that he loved Catherine de Vausselles, killed for her sake a priest named Sermaise in 1455, and was thrice arrested, being rescued first by Charles d'Orléans, then by Louis XI, that he led a Bohemian life in the taverns of Paris, robbed the Collège de Navarre, and finally disappeared from view, leaving behind the most touching, the most truly alive, poetry that has come to us from the Middle Ages. The best evidence of his hardships and of his unhappiness lies in his poems, while a vast amount of romantic nonsense has been written about his life, and will no doubt continue to be written. M. Carco has furnished forth a readable and workmanlike portrait from these biographical scraps, however. Faced by a problem of insufficient and hackneyed material, he has resorted to the novel form, adding incidents from his own imagination whenever the tale requires them, but the margin between fact and fancy is carefully spanned and there is due respect for the probabilities throughout.

His Prince of Thieves and Poets is far from the dashing figure of the plays and pictures recently displayed in America. Carco's Villon is weak, fond of pleasure, idle, unable to master life. His poetry wells up in the rare moments in which he is granted pity and understanding,—a pity strongly flavored with irony. He knows misery, hunger, degradation. There is a theatric element in his sudden changes of heart, in the sudden production of his ballades at crucial moments in the narrative. Yet where we know little, there can be no harm in making that little effective. Such a Villon, however different from the verities, is never offensive to the reader of the ballades, whatever the inward conception of the poet may be. A master of modern argot, Carco has succeeded equally with the street life of the fifteenth century, providing a convincing background for his ineffective ruffian and prodigious rhymster. The whole story moves and has actuality. Carco is not bold enough to attempt any explanation of the astonishing paradox presented by Villon's existence and Villon's poems, but at least he shows us the paradox very neatly indeed, without descending to fantastic invention. The poems, which constitute, after all, the sole final authority on the subject of their author are often introduced in the text with pleasant effect. Hamish Miles has translated M. Carco's book as it deserves to be translated, which is extremely well.

Mark Twain's own drinking horn, presented to him by the student fraternities of Heidelberg in 1878, is at present on sale at one of the bookshops of New York. It is a beautiful specimen of the carver's art, taken from a magnificent animal about forty inches long and about six and a half inches in diameter, wonderfully carved. A rare horn, likely selected from among the choicest in Germany, it has a silver border around the brim, engraved "Heidelberg, Juli, 1878," and bearing a silver-plate, about the size of the old-fashioned name plate on private dwellings, engraved in old English large script "S. L. Clemens."

These horns hung in the place of honor in the main assembly hall, near the swords and other dearly remembered relics, and were used at solemn occasions only. Often long after the departure of the original owner, after his death, in order to drink to his memory, to feel his presence in spirit nearer and more real, the horn that bore his name was called for, and reverently handed from hand to hand.

The Bowling Green

Bifurcation

I HAVE told you before about one of my favorite authors, M. Chaix, the compiler of French railway time-tables. (His name, by the way, is pronounced something like *Shecks*; or at any rate if you so pronounce it the old ladies at the kiosks along the Boule' Miche' know what you mean). But the subject is far from exhausted. This time I brought one of his monthly *livrets* home with me. I shall keep it as a precious souvenir. If ever life seems complicated, I shall repose myself by considering the courageous way M. Chaix expounds and anatomizes the problems of European travel. The preliminary thirty pages or so of his livrets really constitute a philosophical essay on Civilization. In manner and method they are a perfect little microcosm of the French spirit. It is sad to me to reflect that so many travellers pick up their technique of voyaging haphazard, from porters and concierges and minor functioneers. They should visit the well of doctrine itself. In the beginning should be the Word; the Word of M. Chaix.

Hear him, for instance, on the problem of Customs Examinations at frontiers. I translate as strictly as possible, so you may observe M. Chaix's mind at work:—

In view of avoiding all difficulty and all delay, at the time of the passage at the frontiers, Sirs the Voyagers have interest to make to the agents of the customs, declarations exact and complete of the contents of their baggages.

Notably there must be declared: habilimentary effects and whatever objects in a new state, jewelry, precious stones, tobaccos, cigars and cigarettes, stocks and movable values, provisions to be consumed.

In principle, the customs visit takes place in the interior of the locality arranged for this purpose in the building of the frontier station. Sirs the Voyagers are required to present at that place all their unregistered baggages and to assist in person in the visit of the registered baggages.

By derogation from this rule, and by exceptional concession, the Customs agrees, for certain international and intercirculatory convoys, to effectuate its visit in the train itself, in the course of its march or during its arrest.

This measure being taken for the convenience of the voyagers, they are expressly urged, in order to activate the operations, to facilitate the duty of the customs-agents; particularly to prepare the rapid opening of parcels and to lend themselves to the accomplishment of the formalities.

The Customs holds by law the right to visit the contents of all baggages, to proceed to an integral visit of the train or to choose one or more compartments and submit them to the integral visit, to effectuate researches under the cushions, benches, etc., without the voyagers being justified in seeing, in these measures, any particular suspicion toward themselves.

If you neglect to study M. Chaix, embarrassment is sure to ensue. Take the case of some friends of mine who embarked, one warm summer evening, in that "international convoy" that leaves Geneva at 21 hours 40, due in Paris at 9.10 the next morning. About 8 o'clock they proceeded comfortably to the station, where they dined leisurely and well. I don't suppose there is anywhere more gratifying victual than that served in the large stations on the P. L. M. railway, and the buffet of the Gare Cornavin in Geneva is one of the best. Also these young people had a small overplus of Swiss money which they thought they might as well blow in. Exhilarated by some kind of ice-sculpture with an electric light inside it, which the head waiter was carrying about, and by the anticipation of their first night in a wagon-beds compartment, they dined prosperously. They mounted into their snug cubicle of the wagon-beds—one of those delightful cars that put our sleepers to shame, and which, with a great air of originality, our American railroads are now beginning to imitate. The berths were made up, and there did not seem to be anything to do but turn in. (The club car is an idea that the Wagon-beds Company hasn't yet thought of.)

This young couple, I repeat, had not taken the precaution of reading M. Chaix, who would have warned them that the Customs would effectuate its visit at Bellegarde, at eleven o'clock. Drowsy with vintage and victual, it semed hardly worth while to take the trouble, in their small alcove, to open their laboriously compressed suit-cases and take out nocturnal gear. Trustful of the naperies of the Wagon-beds Company and in all Godiva's simplicity, they climbed each into a berth. Only those inexperienced in the fatigues of travel will reproach them.

All well and good. It was a dulcet moony night, they slept. But in the prime of nescience, at Bellegarde, arrive the customs agents, banging on the door. This, apparently, was one of the compartments chosen for an integral visit. Unaware of M. Chaix's kindly warning, these voyagers, singularly defenceless beneath their blankets, were appalled by requests to rise and open their baggages. Their modest reluctance to emerge, their anxious Anglo-Saxon orbs peeping shyly from cover, seemed to stimulate in the agents of the douane a desire to effectuate researches. There was some ominous jape uttered about *coucher* and *cacher*. It passed off into merriment, as things so often do in France; but for a few moments the victims felt rather like an illustration for *La Vie Parisienne*.

I have told you how Mr. Chaix's kind heart shows itself in his instructions for the transport of dogs and children, and his reductions in fare for "numerous families." The same generous solicitude appears in his arrangements for travelling invalids. It is almost worth while to be taken ill while travelling in France, for this is what you can have:—

A wagon-saloon comprising: a great compartment for the invalid, a compartment of saloon-bed with linen, a compartment of ordinary saloon-bed, a sofa-bed, a cabinet of toilet (adjoining the compartment of the invalid and arranged to be used as a kitchen). This wagon-saloon is only rented as a whole, on the payment of the price of 16 places of ordinary saloon-bed. Ten voyagers, at the most, can take their places in this carriage.

I like M. Chaix's idea that the invalid can have ten people with him in his little saloon, to keep him from the feeling lonely or depressed. I can just see them all in there, having a grand time; the men wearing grey gloves. It is going to be awkward, though, if the malady takes a turn for the worse so that you can't travel on the appointed day:—

If the wagon demanded for a determined day is not utilized, by the fault of the voyager, until a date posterior to that primitively indicated, the Company may: either cancel the reservation, in which case the sum of 200 francs poured out as guarantee is acquired by the Company; or reserve the wagon-saloon until the new date of departure on the payment of 281 francs for each indivisible period of 24 hours.

M. Chaix's foresight for his flock covers all possible eventualities. Suppose (you know how uncertain life is) you have bought a ticket of Going and Returning, and you find you want to stay longer than you expected. Very well: first you look up the table of Durations of Validity. If your traject, for example, was one of 401 to 500 kilometers, your validity endures six days. But you have a Faculty of Prolongation of the Duration of Validity. This Prolongation may be single or double, by the payment of a supplement. But in all cases the voyager must pay the supplement before mounting the train, in default of which he will be considered as a voyager without a ticket. Be careful also (M. Chaix is helping you all he can) to make sure just what Feast Days may intervene in this period of Prolongation of Duration of Validity. If, for instance, the Feast of Branches (which sounds to me like Palm Sunday) comes along, then your validity terminates positively at the last train of the second Thursday after Easter, no matter what the length of your traject.

My private advice to you is, Never buy a ticket of Going and Returning. It is sure to mean trouble sooner or later. Wednesday of the Cinders or Monday of the Pentecost is likely to break in, and something will happen to your validity. If you are going to a thermal, climatic, or balneary station, also, you will have to look up the tables in a special tariff.

Of course the people who buzz along in through trains miss a lot of the fun. They miss their Faculty of Intermediary Arrest; they miss all the charming courtesies that happen in a Station of Bifurcation:—

When, in a station of bifurcation, a voyager fortified with a through ticket must wait more than 20 minutes for the corresponding train by which he ought to continue his voyage, he can be authorized to go out of the station until the hour of departure of this train. In this case, the chief of the station or the agent in control of the tickets inscribes on the voyager's ticket the following mention:

Valid for Train Number ..... *Date* .....

Obviously, unless you have at least twenty minutes, it is better not to leave the station. M. Chaix, like a true Frenchman, does not like to see you take your aperitive in a hurry.

We had an hour and a half, between trains, in the enchanting old town of Bourg, and I was wondering, when we went out to wander a bit, what was all the autographing and pasting of little slips on our tickets. Then I realized the truth, and was thrilled. I was doing just what M. Chaix had so often been telling me I had a right to do. I was exercising my Faculty of Intermediary Arrest in a Station of Bifurcation.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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Edited by GEORGE W. ROBINSON

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Books of Special Interest

Japanese Religion

A STUDY OF SHINTO, THE RELIGION OF THE JAPANESE NATION. By GENCHI KATO. Tokyo: Meiji Japan Society. 1926.

Reviewed by J. W. T. MASON
Author of "Creative Freedom"

THE Japanese have a natural capacity for reticence most nearly approached in the western world by the English. Both peoples have retained to a greater extent than other modern nations the genius possessed by early man for putting desire into accomplishment under subconscious direction, without large reliance on self-conscious, academic logic.

It is natural, therefore, to find in Professor Kato's study of Shinto more that is implied than is written. A restraint in analysis is ever present and will puzzle the western reader unfamiliar with the power of the unexpressed thought in Japan. Professor Kato has charge of the chair of Shinto at Tokyo Imperial University. He has made a number of previous contributions to the modern study of his subject and is the author on Shinto in the new edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica. His present book is a welcome effort by a Japanese scholar to interpret Shinto in the English language in terms of western "higher criticism." But, to read Professor Kato's volume only in the surface sense of the printed words would be to acquire an inadequate understanding of the elusive though profound spiritual power exerted by Shinto during the thousands of years of its existence from primitive to modern times. Professor Kato's courteous respect for Western scholarship causes him at times to seem to regard the Shinto understanding of Reality too modestly.

Western psychology is giving increasing study to the mystery of the subconscious. In the orient, the subconscious is no more mysterious than the self-conscious or than life itself. The powerful Zen sect of Buddhism, the religion of the silent but highly efficient and self-confident Samurai, teaches that truth does not have to take the form of self-conscious expression to prove itself. Zen relies, rather, on inner, unexpressed harmony of mutual understanding for the disciple to interpret the subtle symbolism of the master's teaching.

So it is with Shinto, which long preceded Buddhism in Japan, giving to the newer spiritual doctrine a creative power inoperative in other Buddhist countries and continuing today to unite the Japanese nation, spiritually, as does no other bond. So deep is its influence that Professor Kato says Shinto will endure as long as Japan exists. Shinto, or Kami-no-michi, is usually translated as "The Way of the Gods." But Kami, interpreted as "Gods," loses its unique meaning. There is no Japanese word for "Gods" in the western sense. Kami signifies chieftainship or what is predominantly powerful, with an additional spiritual valuation baffling to western phraseology. Michi, "The Way," is related, in modern philosophy, to the Bergsonian principle of creative evolution. That is to say, "The Way" comes into being by man's progress through the unknown. "The Way" never terminates but ever presses forward. "The Way," in the making, spurs man's venturing ambition to seek the new, and conquers only as man creates "The Way" by his own efforts.

So, Shinto, "The Way of the Kami," implies an intermingling of relationship between the spiritual and the material, the latter evolving out of the former, no infinity dividing them. The Kami, who are spirit but not omnipotent, did not create the world nor do they preside over its destinies. Rather, through their earthly descendants, they (that is, spirit) evolve mundane existence, and the earthly dead become Kami themselves, as Hirata Atsutane, famous Shinto commentator of a century ago, emphasized. Thus, Shinto is not polytheistic. Nor is it pantheistic, for it places strong emphasis on individual effort and self-development. More than anything else, Shinto symbolizes the response of the soul to its subconscious understanding that life is the objective evolution of omnipresent, individualistic spirit.

Shinto regards all life as spiritual and so offers no religious rules to its followers, a fact that puzzled the early European investigators after Japan was opened to the west in the last century. The meaning of Shinto was discussed at a meeting of the Asiatic Society of Japan, in Tokyo, in 1874. The minutes of the meeting show that the British Minister, Sir Harry Parkes, "expressed the disappointment which he, in common with others, had felt in being unable to learn what Shintoism was. Japanese, in general, seemed utterly at a loss to describe it."

A missionary, the Rev. Dr. Brown, further showed, contemptuously, that Shinto "contains no system of morals, discusses no ethical questions, prescribes no ritual, nor points to any god or gods as objects of worship. All the essentials of a religion are wanting."

The subconscious power of spirit, making man ethical by an inner sense of spiritual values rather than by sophisticated reasoning was not then understood as a fundamental doctrine of Shinto. Westerners with larger capacities for sympathetic study gradually applied their talents to the difficult subject, the movement culminating in a striking article in the *Hibbert Journal* for April, 1921—not yet sufficiently known to Shinto students—wherein Dr. Thomas Baty, British Adviser to the Japanese Foreign Office, described Shinto, with deep insight, as:

> The path of the ideal. . . . Its one precept is "follow your heart's dictates"—in other words, "Respond like a needle to the pole to the impulses of your conscience;" and, reverence, it adds, all that has given you a conscience to follow. . . . Japanese religion, therefore, like the Greek, starts with the conception which modern religion is slowly tending to approach. It discards particular dictates; it has no place for casuistry. If the heart is right, all is right—and its sole concern is to see that the heart shall grow in virtue through the sweet influence of home, in reverent admiration of all that is lovely and exalted.

Shinto offers an unexplored wealth of possibilities to research students concerning the workings of the subconscious mind when primeval man was not weighted by materialistic intellectualism and so was closer to spiritual truth than now.

Economic Studies

AN ECONOMIC HISTORY OF MODERN BRITAIN: The Early Railway Age, 1820-1850. By J. H. CLAPHAM. New York: The Macmillan Company.

THE ENGLISH CRAFT GILDS: Studies in Their Progress and Decline. By STELLA KRAMER. New York: Columbia University Press. 1927. $4.

Reviewed by N. S. B. GRAS
Harvard University

DR. CLAPHAM, well known for his works on modern economic history, has found time in the midst of heavy tutorial duties at Cambridge to undertake a three-volume economic history of modern Britain. The first volume has already appeared. It is a well-ordered compendium of facts based largely on secondary sources but at strategic points on primary material as well. It is a chronicle rather than an interpretation, appealing to the advanced student rather than the novice. The spirit of the book is historical, the interest economic.

The author follows the traditional topics —agriculture, commerce, industry, money and banking, state regulation, labor, and population. There is a rather smooth spread of emphasis.

The author argues that the Industrial Revolution did not cause the increase in population, which he thinks due not only to a higher birth rate but to a diminished death rate. Using the statistical evidence of Silberling and others, he demonstrates that the Industrial Revolution, when at its height, 1820-50, was not accompanied by a diminution of *real* wages.

Things just happen in this book. They come from nowhere and they lead nowhere. There are sober judgments but few challenging views. There are poignant thrusts and isolated sallies without any affectation of style. Quotations from contemporaries are numerous and well chosen.

Miss Kramer, favorably known to students of economic history for her earlier work on gilds, has sought to trace their later history. She turns from the institutional approach of Gross to the functional point of view of Unwin, though without fully making the transition. Indeed one prime criticism of her book is its failure to correlate effectively the decay of business men's associations with changing industrial and commercial organization.

Miss Kramer's thesis is that not the state but the town killed the gild system. When the gild system of warring craftsmen and monopolistic merchants disturbed the peace and ran counter to the well-being of the town, the town turned and destroyed not so much the gilds as their monopoly and right to regulate trade and industry. In this, the modern free-trade movement, be it noted, was born in England, later extending to other lands. Of course, what we want to know is why the warring gilds of the fourteenth century were allowed to live, while those of the sixteenth and seventeenth were emasculated. For the answer to this question Miss Kramer has given much weighty evidence, though she hardly clinches the point. To the reviewer it seems that the fundamental explanation lies in the widening of the market with its distant oversea connections, its larger business units, its mercantile specialization, and its concentration in London.

Miss Kramer's book is about one-third footnotes. Here is valuable material for which all in the field will be grateful, though they must regret the lack of an adequate index to the same. Most doctors of philosophy write nothing beyond their required theses. Here is an exception. If a reviewer be permitted to express a hope, it is that the author make a comparison of the decline of English and Continental gilds.

Raising Rural Standards

FARM INCOME AND FARM LIFE. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 1927. $3.

Reviewed by NELSON ANTRIM CRAWFORD

THREE years ago the American Country Life Association and the American Farm Economics Association propounded the question: Is increased farm income the cause or the result of a desire for higher standards of rural life?

Familiarity with modern thought about the nature of things instantly suggests the pertinent fact that any event has not a cause, but causes; not a result, but results. The answer to the inquiry—conducted by means of a symposium arranged by a committee —is, therefore, what might have been predicted in advance; namely, that increased farm income and a desire for a more satisfying rural life go together, neither sustaining regularly a causal relation to the other. In other words—

> The family, community, or country, which devotes itself solely or chiefly to the gaining of wealth with a relative neglect of the social values of life, will to that extent deprive itself of the highest satisfactions of life and in the long run will be unable to compete with those which have improved their opportunity to acquire more of life's social values. On the other hand . . . no social group can attain a higher culture without increasing its economic efficiency and providing for the distribution of its increased income so that it will produce the largest social welfare.

The somewhat obvious character of this finding does not deprive it of value. The obvious needs to be reiterated, especially when it concerns a situation, such as that of agriculture, about which there are many fixed ideas and in which there are many workers looking for panaceas.

Nor does the bald statement of the conclusion suggest the numerous useful and stimulating discussions of various phases of farm income and farm life. They well repay a careful reading of the book.

Such questions as these are treated with a wealth of suggestive data and comment —and, fortunately, without, as a rule, an attempt to supply categorical answers: What are the fundamental satisfactions in farm life? What is the standard of economic efficiency in agriculture? What is meant by "a good living"? What is the relation between agriculture and industry? What are the social effects of tenancy? What is the social significance of the coöperative movement?

The main criticism that may be made of the volume is that it is, on the whole, somewhat academic. Analysis of the authorship of the forty-six discussions indicates the probable reason. Twenty-five are by present or former college executives and professors, eleven by government officials, five by members of institutions for research, two by editors, two by officers of farm organizations, and one by an officer of a health organization.

Here, obviously, are scholarship, technique, sympathy. One cannot but feel, however, that the symposium would have been improved by the introduction of a generous proportion of articles by practicing farmers. The growing complexity of agriculture is tending to develop an agricultural priesthood. Perhaps this is necessary, but it will always be worth while to hear from the laity. The everyday farmer does not know the language of economics and sociology, but he knows the concrete problems that he faced this year and last year and the year before. And these are salutary things to be reminded of in any agricultural discussion.

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Books of Special Interest

Chinese Tales

TAO TALES. By H. M. RIDEOUT. New York: Duffield & Co. 1927. $2.

THE RED DRAGON. By L. S. PALEN. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 1927. $2.

THE JADE RABBIT. By BLOOD and MARRIOT. New York: The Dial Press. 1927.

CHINESE WHITE. By D. C. WILSON. New York: J. H. Sears & Co. 1927. $2.

Reviewed by GEORGE H. DANTON
Formerly of Tsing-Hua College

IT is the incurable curse of the Romantic in China which paralyzes almost all writers of fiction who lay their scenes in that country. This curse of the Romantic persists even in such books as attempt, through a specious attention to the external details of a Chinese atmosphere, to portray China as it is and from within. But actually no amount of direct quotation in the form of scattered fragments of Chinese, no amount of the atmosphere of the *hutungs,* or of the temple fairs, indeed, nothing that simulates the actualities of Chinese life can compensate for the farrago of secret societies, mysterious brotherhoods, and all the other clap-trap with which stories about China are constantly filled. Actual Chinese fiction has a hard reality which is so facetted that it reflects life on every gleaming surface. Its psychological delineation is not conscious and not affected. The foreign fiction written about China loses outline, deals in *clichés,* following a blind and really stupid tradition, and repeating to a nauseating degree, the old conventionalizations of inscrutability, dissipation, or whatever happens to be the catchword at hand. This has continued until the average Westerner conceives of China as a bizarre combination of tawdry "gift shoppe" magnificence and unfathomable mystery. None of this fiction is written to show the Chinese as they are, out of their own environment and with their own type of tragedy; none of it shows the foreigner in China as he is, a prose actuality whose dissipations and whose poetry can only be understood by those who live them. What is presented is a series of pictures with the artistic outlook of E. P. Roe, and, in general, the moral attitude of Casanova. Or, more recently, since the political world of China has come to the foreground, the whole paraphernalia of revolution is used as a background and the pseudo-political novel flourishes.

The four books under consideration are, in general, examples of the type, though, in the case of Mr. Rideout's Tao Tales, in somewhat modified degree. He, at least, has written stories which carry with them a certain charm and which have a style of their own, a style, to be sure, which indulges itself in words like "pinguid" and which attempts, rather foolishly, to reproduce the succinctness of the Chinese language, but which, all in all, shows a writer who is interested in the manner of his matter. The tales themselves purport to be told by an old Chinese cook and may be, for all that; some of them have a distinct Chinese touch, but the whole book, which tends to mount at first, reaches a level of mediocrity in narration by the time it reaches the tale, "The Sunny Pool," and does not rise from that. It must be said for the whole, however, that it is an almost successful attempt to reproduce some of the ideal of courage and bravery which the Chinese postulate for themselves, and which is so convincingly portrayed by them in that wonderful work, the "Shui Hu."

Mr. Palen, who, we learn from the jacket, collaborated with Ossendowski in his mystifications, has written a novel which would be good if it were not actually too stolid with apparent knowledge of China on the one hand, and too dominated by an absolutely conventional plot on the other. The story itself is not without interest as a mere yarn; the characterization is completely unconvincing, especially that of the young Chinese revolutionist, Dr. Ma, but as stories of Chinese life go, it is well-written and contains no absolute ethnological or political "howlers."

"The Jade Rabbit" is a completely usual story. In it we have the titled Englishman, the greasy Pole (with the obvious pun), the mysterious abbot, the renegade priest, the firearms, the attack on the white lady, the slimy Japanese, in fact, the whole paraphernalia, ending in the usual happy marriage after a sing-song girl has been murdered—(incidentally, the difference between *sing-song girl* and *prostitute* is not understood)—and after the psychological problem has been completely bilked. If one does not want to think and does not know much about China, one can spend an hour of semi-boredom in reading this yarn.

In regard to "Chinese White," the only thing that can be said is, "How do they do it? How do they get them printed?"

Neurosis Boulevard

COUNT TEN. By MILDRED EVANS GILMAN. New York: Boni & Liveright. $2.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

SEVEN cities competed for the honor of being Homer's home town; another seven compete for Mrs. Gilman, according to her veracious publishers. From the seventh, which was Springfield, Massachusetts, she came to New York; and unless the inhabitants of Springfield are of an extraordinarily forgiving disposition, she had better not go back.

For this book is about a town called Southfield and a street called Elm Avenue —one of those old New England streets where run-down old families in run-down old houses fight a losing battle against the encroachment of Slavs and Italians, filling stations, and three-decker tenements. If Mrs. Gilman reports correctly this predestined defeat of the old New England, however deplorable it may be from the cultural point of view, is all to the good from the psychiatric standpoint. Elm Avenue ought to have been called Neurosis Boulevard. Along its shaded length envy, malice, hatred, and all uncharitableness find a happy hunting ground. Aged misers eat mouldy bread, fire their employees, bury their wives, and oppress their children; old maids give vent to lewd unchristian imaginings as they watch the embraces of the young married couple who leave the shades up next door; the minister flees the amorous desires of the spinsters among his flock to make ineffectual love to a red-headed young atheist while his wife dies in childbirth, and the red-headed atheist refuses him, apparently, because she was too busy being true to a husband and a lover to take on anybody else; paralytics groan vainly in bed, sciatics and rheumatics fall back into the wheel chair, never to emerge again; downtrodden daughters become pregnant by the grocer's boy and hang themselves in the attic, and darling mother's cherished picture is turned toward the wall.

All this sounds rather like Artzibasheff, in summary; but Mrs. Gilman has been skilful enough to make each separate bit plausible, even if the cumulative effect is rather overpowering. And she has lightened her story by the recurrent timely appearances of Grandma Clenabery, one of the most engaging characters in recent fiction—Grandma Clenabery, who at ninety-six suddenly began to scandalize her family by reminiscences of a youth which seems to have been one long succession of poison-needle kidrappings and hairbreadth escapes from a fate worse than death.

Indeed, Mrs. Gilman's only serious fault is an enviable one—an excess of good material. Excellent stuff is here but it is badly organized. From the rather overcrowded beginning one expects a panorama story of the disappearance of old New England before what is perhaps jocosely termed progress; then it begins to look as if she is writing the story of the young and red-headed Elsie Clark; then of the Reverend Peter Flanders; and finally of Stella Godwin. Stella, the old maid who found about her only outlet in church work enlivened by a romantic desire for the pastor, finally gets most of the book; but the demonstration of how she was frustrated by her mother's precepts—"Count ten before you speak," and so on—does not quite come through; if the book is about Stella there is too much extraneous matter, if it is about other persons, or about Springfield at large, there is too much Stella. Possibly it is old-fashioned to ask for order and proportion in a novel; but for lack of these qualities Mrs. Gilman's work fails to seem as good as most of it really is.

The American world which knows Yvette Guilbert only from her appearances in this country will not for that reason find any the less interesting her memoirs which have just appeared under the title, "La Chanson de Ma Vie" (Paris:Grasset). They are the record of a brave struggle, told with humor and sprightliness, and deprived of bitterness by the success that in later years contrasted so vividly with the sordid poverty of the great artist's early youth.

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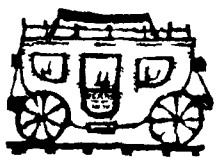

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Books of Special Interest

Education and the Future

EDUCATION FOR A CHANGINGG CIVILIZATION. By WILLIAM HEARD KILPATRICK. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.

Reviewed by I. L. KANDEL

Teachers College

UNREST in education is no new theme, but at no period has it been so widespread and universal as in the last decade. Everywhere the chief preoccupation is with the reform of content and methods of instruction. Outside of the United States there is the additional complication that arises out of the new attempts to evolve systems of educational organization that are more consistent with the demands of democracies. In general the unrest is caused by a recognition that much that was taught whether in the elementary or secondary schools failed to carry over into life activities, that education in general had become encrusted with tradition and formalism, and with content that had lost its meaning for modern societies. The keynote of the new movements is a desire to cultivate personality through content that has at once meaning for the individual and value for social progress. So stated the problem seems apparently simple and the very simplicity of statement has elicited greater interest among parents and laymen than educational questions have done hitherto. It is only as one examines the professional proposals for reform that revolve around this central aim and that are appearing in almost every important language of the civilized world, that one realizes the essential difficulties involved in the problem.

Professor Kilpatrick presents in the first two of his three lectures on "Education for a Changing Civilization" an excellent and clear statement of the problems that confront education and society today. Starting with the thesis that the chief characteristic of the present age is rapid change due to the rapid development of science and the changed mental attitude consequent thereon, to industrialization, and to democracy, he draws attention to the intellectual, moral, and social "lag" between the school and society as it is coming to be. Authoritarianism, while declining to some extent in the intellectual field, still dominates the religious, moral, social, legal, and political outlook. While a critical attitude and tested thought characterize modern science they do not carry over into other activities of life. The task of education is to develop a new freedom which asks why and demands an answer before it accepts. The tempo of modern life is rapid, old solutions will not satisfy, and the new generation is facing an unknown future, for which youth should be prepared. The cultivation of dynamic personality able to face new problems and situations is, then, the problem, or, in Professor Kilpatrick's words, "Our problem then would seem to be to help our young people make the shift from external authority to internal authority."

The solution of this problem lies in a close approximation between education and its processes to immediate life and its educational processes. In other words, the content of the school must have meaning for the pupil and be of value for life in society, while the methods must follow the methods common in life outside of the school. The separation between education and life resulted in formalism, conservatism, and neglect of the individual, and the establishment of a purely literary and bookish ideal of education. "Only as the school is placed on a basis of actual living can certain necessary social-moral habits and attitudes be built, certain necessary methods of attack upon problems and enterprises be developed." The purpose of education from this point of view is, then, to develop a critical attitude, a scientific habit of mind, ability to judge and open-mindedness, breadth of view and readiness to cöoperate in the interest of social progress and well-being even at the risk of questioning the validity of existing institutions.

Up to this point no one who holds a rational conception of liberal education would differ from Professor Kilpatrick's main thesis. It may be objected that he does not state how many pupils could profit by such an education and takes no account of the contributions of the psychologists on individual differences. One may question both the economy and validity of "the internal authority of how it works when tried" in any type of activity, without pointing to crime statistics and moral standards due to some extent to the eliminatioin of external authority in our education, while still another criticism may be found in the still inadequate knowledge of the factors that make for progress. Yet in the main his thesis on the aims of modern education may be accepted without following Professor Kilpatrick in all his implications.

The third lecture, in which these implications are worked out, is, as the author admits, the most controversial. Here Professor Kilpatrick develops his ideas on curriculum and method. Taking as his point of departure the necessity of preparing the younger generation to face an unknown future and to be prepared to meet unsolved social problems, he is prepared to discard "for most pupils" Latin as well as Greek, mathematics, buch of present history study and modern foreign languages, while "English and the sciences need remaking from within rather than rejection." He leaves, then, for major consideration the study of social problems. This is a serious indictment of current practices, all the more serious because it finds wide acceptance among educators. And yet it may be seriously questioned whether the indictment can ever be against subjects as such. Those who criticize subjects because of their failure to achieve anything, fail always to take into account what is today a far more serious indictment of our systems of education, and that is the large number of teachers who are either inadequately prepared in, or entirely unfamiliar with, subjects that they profess to teach. Before subjects can be discarded, it would be well to discover what can be done with good teaching; otherwise the time will not be distant when "social studies," too, will follow the rest into the discard. Assuming, however, that Professor Kilpatrick's contention is sound, can the unknown future be anticipated, can the future social problems be foreseen? Attempts to discover lines of future interest have been made, as, for example, in the sciences. Newspapers and magazines were analyzed to discover the major scientific trends of the day; ten years later it was found that the emphases had shifted. The same would no doubt be true in any field. It would be unjust to Professor Kilpatrick, however, to leave the impression that he wishes to discard everything that has come from the past. "Many old demands remain substantially unaltered." "Accordingly, to such of the older limited stock of precise subject-matter as should survive from this generation to the next, there must be added certain more generalized methods and attitudes of attack that especially fit for meeting novel situations."

Knowledge of what has been done and said in the past is still essential, and without knowledge new methods of attack cannot be developed. It is highly problematical, however, whether teachers can go beyond this, whether education can undertake more than transmission of the inheritance of the race and adjustment to the present through content that has meaning and by new methods that would be valid in new situations. Granted that "we face as never before an unknown shifting future," how can "children learn to adapt themselves to a situation which we, as teachers, can only partially foresee"? Dealing with similar proposals for an education in civic and social preparedness Walter Lippmann in "The Phantom Public" offers a criticism and suggestion that apply in the present instance. "If the schools attempt to teach children how to solve the problems of the day, they are bound always to be in arrears. The most they can conceivably attempt is the teaching of patterns of thought and feeling which will enable the citizen to approach a new problem in some useful fashion." And again, "No scheme of education can equip him (the citizen) in advance for all the problems of mankind; no device of publicity, no machinery of enlightenment, can endow him during a crisis with the antecedent detailed and technical knowledge which is required for executive action."

How great is the difficulty of anticipating the educational demands of a "shifting future" can best be realized by a comparison of the varied "job analyses" and enumeration of objectives for adult life. The criticisms offered of the solution proposed by Professor Kilpatrick do not affect the value of his analysis of the present educational situation. Indeed, Professor Kilpatrick does not claim to legislate; he recognizes, as has been long recognized in England and is today in a new sense recognized in Germany, that the ultimate solution of the educational problem can only be found in a well-prepared teacher enjoying a freedom that is limited only by sound professional knowledge and insight. Such a condition is still remote and especially in the United States, where the chief danger lies not in inadequacy of theory, solutions, and panaceas, but in preaching the philosophy of freedom for the pupil and in denying it for the teacher by a welter of courses of study, textbooks, supervisors, and experts. The older theory lent itself to such a hierarchy of controls. If Professor Kilpatrick's general survey has any value, it lies in directing attention to the incompatibility between new theories of education and old systems of organization.

How difficult is the task of reform is well illustrated in Miss Josephine Chase's "New York at School," whose publication was made possible by the Public Education Association. The volume does not attempt to do more than present a descriptive account of the public educational system of New York City. The task is well performed and one cannot read it without realizing the immensity of the educational problem that confronts New York. Obviously the danger lies in the development of a vast machine. While schools have been set aside for various experiments, New York City is still far from encouraging that variety and freedom that is found in the educational system of the London County Council. It is unnecessary, however, since the volume does not invite it, to enter into any considerations of the quality of education offered in New York, the size of buildings, the inbreeding of teachers, and other questions. As a survey of the fabric of the educational system "New York at School" is a valuable contribution for giving the parents and taxpayers an intelligent insight into the largest educational enterprise in the world.

How Names Arise

SURNAMES. By ERNEST WEEKLEY. Dutton. 1927. $2.50.

IT was an excellent idea to reprint, after a decade, this book whose earlier editions must have received little attention in the war years. This is a sort of by-product of Mr. Weekley's resources toward a dictionary of English surnames, whose completion, he confesses in his introduction (dated 1916), continually recedes into the future. Meanwhile some six thousand English names and their derivations, with some hundreds in French and German, are here listed. It is a book to be kept and nibbled at, from time to time, with that curious sort of pleasure which some people derive from browsing in "Who's Who" or the dictionary.

"The Study of Surnames," Mr. Weekley observes, "may be regarded as a harmless pastime or as a branch of learning. As a pastime it is as innocent as stamp collecting, and possibly as intellectual. As a branch of learning it is an inexhaustible, and hitherto practically unworked, branch of philological knowledge. A complete dictionary of English surnames would not only form a valuable supplement to the 'New English Dictionary,' but would in great measure revolutionize its chronology." Again and again he cites occupative names (all surnames, one learns, are derived from baptismal names, locality, or occupations, or are nicknames) appearing on medieval rolls a century or two before there is any trace in the language records of the nouns and verbs of which they are composed.

There are a good many surprises for the lay reader in this volume. The older a name is the more likely it is to have been corrupted and abbreviated "to a cacophonous monosyllable distinguished by great economy of vowels." So, says Mr. Weekley, Germans named Bugge, Bopp, Bopp, Dietz, Dankl, and Kluck" have as much right to look down on most of their polysyllabic neighbors as our own Bugg, Bubb, etc., on such upstarts as Napier, Pomeroy, Percy, and Somerset." Names that sound alike have been assimilated, so that Mr. Smith's ancestor who, some time between the beginning of the Crusades and the Renaissance bestowed his personal cognomen as a legacy to his descendants, may have been a blacksmith, or have lived on a "smeeth" or plain, or have been a "smethe," i.e., smooth or slippery, person. Medieval names were extraordinary and not always complimentary—e.g. William Thynnewyt and Ralph Badintheheved; no doubt most of us are lucky if we are unable to trace our ascent.

On the other hand, some names have kept their early form with little or no change; one is grateful to Mr. Weekley for reminding us that the name of that tough person, the present (at this moment of writing) Premier of France, means exactly what it seems to mean. "Raymond Squarefist"—it sounds like the First Crusade.

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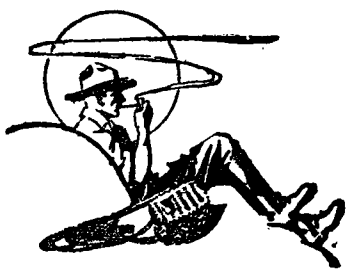

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THE WHIRLPOOLS and eddies of the summer stream have at last gently dropped the Oxonian again on the strand of the publishing world. All the other recalcitrants of Indian summer holidays are there before him:—the Publisher's Young Man, tragically noble after a bad heart attack on the Maine Coast; Young Harvard, with features still ruddy from hatless days at Forest Hills and fiesta nights on West Twelfth Street; and above all Pamela, nicely tanned and six pounds the worse after untold but suspected adventures up-country.

About the Publishers' Building at 35 West 32nd Street is an aura of renewed endeavor. Mixed bags of new publications are daily emptied upon our library table, the advance agents of a Christmas company. The Oxonian, impresario of books, cannot do better than introduce these handsome heralds of whatever new the realms of thought may hold.

¶ Enter first an impressive newcomer whose arrival has long been trumpeted, *The Oxford Book of American Verse*. Bliss Carman is the anthologist, and few modern collections will wear so well. The form and price will be similar to the other Oxford Books of Verse; publication is promised before Christmas.(1)

¶ Within the next few weeks the Oxford University Press will publish *American Mystery Stories*, selected with an introduction by Carolyn Wells. Even the unemotional flesh of the Inner Sanctum Potentate crept visibly when its august owner read proof of these stories. An ideal book for the train or the rainy Sunday, (the price but One Fifty!). American Detective Stories will follow!(2)

¶ Not all phases of the popular interest in crime should be encouraged, but when a scholar like Boris Brasol, former Prosecuting Attorney in St. Petersburg, (we nearly said Petrograd!) writes a book on *The Elements of Crime*, authorities take notice, and the common reader wisely purchases and is edified.(3)

¶ *The Legacy of Israel* (which is one of the most handsome books for the money the Oxonian has seen) wins high praise in exalted places. No similar study of the effect of Jewish culture on civilization exists, and none is likely to rival it for years to come.(4)

¶ In the field of religious study there are few names more universally honored than that of Friedrich Heiler. The Oxford Press is about to publish an English translation of Heiler's book on *Sadhu Sundar Singh*, the Modern Indian mystic. A translation of Heiler's Das Gebet, that unequalled study of prayer, will appear later.(5)

¶ Miss Ryllis Alexander, the editor of the new *Garrick Diary*, which will soon emerge handsomely in a limited edition, uncovered this interesting document while working for her Doctorate at Yale. She offers a brief account of this Diary (hitherto unpublished) in the last number of the Yale Review.(6)

¶ Two new volumes have been added to the Oxford Reading Courses, now in preparation. These are *The Essay*, by M. Edmund Speare, and *Biography*, by A. C. Valentine. They may be bought separately for One Dollar each, or secured in connection with the accompanying volumes. The Oxford Press will give full information.(7)

¶ The Oxford Best Seller for 1927 will probably be *Modern English Usage*,(8) but the American *Pocket Oxford Dictionary*(9) and Rostovtzeff's *History of the Ancient World*(10) will be close seconds. And there are still various pre-Christmas tricks hidden up our scholarly sleeves!

¶ The recent interest in Colonel Isham's purchase of Boswell material has made us turn again to *Boswell's Note-book*,(11) that convenient and too little known volume edited by R. W. Chapman.

¶ Perhaps the most attractive gift book for the Fall is *Architectural Design in Concrete*.(12) A hundred full page plates depict new designs in concrete the world over, and the text by T. P. Bennett is not only authoritative but interesting.

Corrado Ricci, the famous Italian art critic, has written a book on the Lombard country-side and its artists. The English translation, with handsome off-set illustrations, has just emerged from its publisher at 35 West 32nd Street. The title is *Umbria Santa*,(13)—but be not discouraged by that, for it is a charming and delightful book even for you and me. The publisher's Young Man is going to give one to Pamela, who has been very high-hat of late!

"High-hat" is a bad word. Once used, it owns a man forever, and he can think of no other! —THE OXONIAN.

(1) $3.75 cloth. (2) Each vol. $1.50. (3) $5.00. (4) $4,00. (5) $3.00. (6) about $7.50. (7) each $1.00. (8) cloth $3.00; Oxford India paper $4.00. (9) $2.00. (10) 2 vols. each $5.00. (11) $1.25. (12) $10.00. (13) $4.00.

A Letter from Ireland

By PADRAIC COLUM

IRELAND is a country which has had since the seventeenth century two traditions in her culture: she has been English-speaking on her most accessible side; she has produced writers in English who were molded, to an extent not quite realized by writers of histories of English literature, by a tradition of speech and letters which existed in the country since Norman times: she has also drawn in a less evident way from what some of her writers are beginning to speak of as "The Hidden Ireland," that is, from an Ireland which is Gaelic-speaking, and whose poems and stories belong to a tradition, a *milieu*, a way of looking at life that is as removed as any European literature can be from all that is in English literature. These two traditions will persist in Irish life; their conflict or their blending will make Irish intellectual life richer and more vital.

The new Irish state is doing all that is possible to do at present for the fostering of Gaelic. Gaelic is compulsory in all the schools of Saorstat Eireann, and the effort of the state to make Gaelic current, although the results of that effort are doubtful and will be doubtful for some time to come, can be defended. I quote from an article by Professor Tierney, one of the champions of the Gaelic idea. "Language," says Von Humboldt, in a passage which justifies completely the contention that without Irish the Irish nation will cease to exist, "is the organ of our inner being, nay, is that being itself gradually attaining self-recognition and self-expression. It strikes all the finest fibres of its roots into the spiritual strength of the nation." "A language," says M. Meillet, the great linguist of the Sorbonne, "is of no value unless it be the organ of an original civilization. That civilization need not be widely extended; it suffices that it should have individuality." It is, of course, the contention of the protagonists of the Gaelic idea that Gaelic is the organ of an original civilization—a civilization which has individuality even although it has only meagre extension.

* *

So far, in spite of the patronage of the state, no writer worth translating has appeared in Gaelic, and it is disappointing to note that the one literary man who has come out of the Gaeltacht, Liam O'Flaherty, writes in English, and in an English which has not even a Gaelic flavor.

The insistence upon Gaelic is apt to produce a reaction towards the other tradition in Irish intellectual life—the Anglo-Irish tradition. Anglo-Irish writers like Berkeley and Swift are being brought forward again, and one can detect an attempt being made to "situate" them more completely in Irish life. It is because of this reaction that I consider a little book which has just been published to be of some importance.

"English is one of the languages of this country for more than seven centuries," Mr. Jeremiah Hogan's booklet[1] begins. He speaks of two periods in the history of English in Ireland—the medieval or Middle Anglo-Irish of which the most important monument is the Kildare Poems, and Modern Anglo-Irish. Mr. Hogan is careful to mention that modern Anglo-Irish is not a development from Middle Anglo-Irish; Middle English came to Ireland in the twelfth century; spread in the thirteenth, and declined in the following centuries almost to extinction. "It survived unmixed except with Irish, in the rural areas of North Dublin and South Wexford. Modern English came to Ireland in the seventeenth century, and has now spread over almost the entire country." Mr. Hogan finds very little pre-seventeenth century English in any of the dialects of modern Anglo-Irish. In 1366 measures were taken through the Statutes of Kilkenny to arrest the decline of English in Ireland—these Statutes were an attempt to hold as much as could be held of Ireland at the time for the English race, the English law and speech at the cost of giving up the rest. After that time Medieval Anglo-Irish exists only in official pronouncements. In the sixteenth century, even in the towns, English was being rapidly replaced by Irish. Then came the new conquest in the second half of the sixteenth and the first half of the seventeenth century, with a new English, and the second Anglo-Irish civilization which continues in the blend of modern Ireland, a culture which produced Swift, *and in producing Swift produced the beginning of an Anglo-Irish literature.*" The history of modern Anglo-Irish is briefly this:

> This English of the Protestant nation is the *form of English which, mixed with the older* Anglo-Irish and learned by a population with an Irish speech-basis, is the language of Ireland today. But it did not begin to spread among the people until the end of the sixteenth century, nor did it emerge victorious from the struggle with Irish until the middle of the nineteenth.

Of the poets writing in English, the two who draw most from the Gaelic tradition are Austin Clarke and F. R. Higgins—they are young men—F. R. Higgins has one book other than this new one to his credit, while Austin Clarke has four. Both of these poets go to Gaelic sources, not only for their material, but for their technique. I know of no poet who has such an extraordinary command over assonantal verse as Austin Clarke has—he has gained it through his familiarity with Gaelic verse. As an example of such command I quote a stanza from a rather long poem of his which appeared in the July-September issue of the *Dublin Magazine*:

Smithied in gloom the low day
Had glowed upon the axle,
Southward along the causeways
The hilly clouds were backing:
We saw the drummers ride
The sands beside our kingdom,
And, as in sky, the tide stand
Amid a clan of wings.

His new volume, "The Son of Learning,"[2] is in the form of a poetic comedy, but the best speeches in it are those in which the poet remembers that he is a storyteller, and writes like this:

I know a bay where men are binding
The cartwheel twice upon the stone with fire
And cold. There with the tide the blowing sails
Have dropped, and hands that rowed with blessed Brendan
Unload the chasubles from boats; nobles
Hurry with women, whose red lips are cut
By the salt dark, into a lighted house
To talk, to dance: and when fire thickens the roof
With clergy bless their mirth with Latin, for
Their grace is such a couple every night
Is married and with candles, music, they
Prepare those innocent delights.

I do not think "The Son of Learning" succeeds as a play—the speeches exist for themselves and not as something forced out by a situation. They are best as descriptive passages, and they show that when he returns to narrative Austin Clarke can give us such brilliant episodes as he gave in his last volume, "The Cattle Drive in Connaght." If Austin Clarke is at his best when he is relating some episode out of the old epic literature, F. R. Higgins is best when he is giving us a lyric that has in it the wavering music of the Gaelic folk-song. He often reaches to a lovely music in his verse and he is an adept at reviving old modes in traditional poetry. His background is the Gaelic West of Ireland, and the people he writes about are the dark men and women of Galway and Mayo—"The Dark Breed."[3] Because he has a passion for that land and these people there is a real root to F. R. Higgins's poetry.

* *

Senator Yeats has also a book of verse out—a very slender collection entitled "October Blast,"[4] which contains no more than nine poems. In this slender collection there are a few poems that are as beautiful as this great poet has ever written, for all that he now prefers to see himself as "a sixty-year-old smiling public man," and that the theme of the principal poems is "decrepit age that has been tied upon me as upon a dog's tail." Into this new poetry of his he brings an individual idiom. "Two Songs from a Play," and "The Young Countryman" are as fine as the first poem in his book, "Sailing to Byzantium."

Last week we saw Senator Yeats's version of "Oédipus at Colonus" at the Abbey Theatre. The theatre was filled while for two hours without a break that tragic, disquieting, and, in the opening, very talkative play was on the stage. Great credit is due to Mr. McCormick, the Abbey's principal actor at present, for holding the play up with such power, weakly as he was supported by the girls who played Antigone and Ismene. The audience, I believe, had been trained to attentiveness by attendance at High Mass; they saw, I think, a stage that was like an altar and a chorus sang like priests at High Mass. The lyrical parts of the chorus were sung, and sung in a liturgical fashion. I thought the singing occurred too often: the chorus describing the battle between Theseus's men and Creon's men should, I am sure, be spoken and not sung. The singing was undoubtedly impressive, and gave points of rest in a very exacting play, but like all choir singing, there was a difficulty in hearing the words, and that was a pity, considering that the words were Yeats's rendering of Sophocles:

In the long echoing street the laughing dancers throng,
The bride is carried to the bridegroom's chamber through torch-light and tumultous song,
I celebrate the silent kiss that ends short life or long.

At last, almost at the eleventh hour, Ireland is about to make a systematic effort to collect and publish her folk-lore. Irish folk-lore is the most distinctive, and it was a little while ago the richest in Europe, but only spasmodic efforts were made in the days of the *seanchaithe* or traditional story-tellers. Now, when our folk-culture barely survives, the proper sort of effort is being made: A Folklore Society has been founded, and a journal, *Bealoideas* (Lore of the Country), is being published. The first number has just come out; it contains short contributions, mainly stories, in Irish, with English translations or summaries—they read like gleanings from a field already harvested. Still, we may be sure, there will be much to add to what is in store already: the editors announce that two important collections from Mayo and Kerry have come in which, if published, would fill a thousand pages of the journal. The society announces, too, that it has set about the compilation of a bibliography of Irish folk-lore. The subscription to the society is seven shillings and six pence a year and this includes a subscription to the journal which will be published twice a year.

But in spite of our carelessness about such matters, it is remarkable what influence certain traditional forms have, and how often such forms become filled with a new life. Going through the collection of antique Irish ornamental work in the National Museum a few years ago I could not dream that we could have in our day an artist who could pick up the tradition that these makers of crosses, chalices, and shrines were in, and who would make something that could go beside these distinctive and brilliant works. And then a while ago, after I had looked upon the work of the craftsmen of the eighth and tenth centuries, I came upon something that was being shown in the Museum and that was the work of an artist of our day. It was a monstrance made by Miss Mia Cranwill. I had seen only one other specimen of this artist's work—a casket made to hold the roll of names of the first Senators of the Free State, and which stays on the Senate table—a beautiful piece of work in silver and red yew, crowded with fantastic and elaborate ornament. This monstrance could be left beside the antique work, and would seem to be as brilliant and as distinctive as any of it. Miss Cranwill had no traditional forms to go on in making the monstrance, for the monstrance was not used in the early church. But in the figures she has used, in the style or ornament, in the personality which she has managed to reveal even in this sacred work, she shows that she is in the tradition that these antique craftsmen worked in. The monstrance produces the same effect of brilliancy which the Cross of Cong, or some of the figures in the Book of Kells, produce—imagine a great circle raying out, in which red enamels are set in gold! I stood for a long time before this shining and solemn thing. San Francisco—for the work has been done for a church there—has certainly done itself proud in getting such a great piece of work from so fine an artist. Crafts are on the upgrade in Dublin: the best stained glass made anywhere is being made in Dublin at present, in the studios of Miss Purser and Mr. Harry Clarke.

[1] The English Language in Ireland. By Jeremiah Hogan. Dublin: Educational Book Co. of Ireland.

[2] The Son of Learning. By Austin Clarke. London: George Allen & Unwin.

[3] The Dark Breed. By F. R. Higgins. London: The Macmillan Co.

[4] October Blast. By William Butler Yeats. Dublin: The Cuala Press. 1927.

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Books of the Fall

By Amy Loveman

Blest be the hour wherein I bought this book,
His studies happy that composed the book,
And the man fortunate that sold the book.

A LAVISH benison this that rare Ben Jonson devised. For the moment, though, our sentiments are rather with that Kippis of whom Robert Hall said: "He might be a very clever man by nature for aught I know, but he laid so many books upon his head that his brains could not move." For the nonce our brains too are benumbed, but before they passed into the apathy of satiety we made some notes on the publications of recent months and the forecasts of those ahead that while by no means all inclusive are, we hope, fairly representative of the most important offerings of the current book season.

No one looking over the volumes that have recently issued from the presses can fail to be struck by the number and interest of the works of biographical character. Here indeed is rich grist for the student of human nature, for here is human nature operating both on parade and in undress. Here is an impressive study like Ray Stannard Baker's "Life and Letters of Woodrow Wilson" (Doubleday, Page) which in these first two volumes that have just appeared covers only the early years and the controversial period of the Princeton residence, standing cheek by jowl with Duncan Aikman's portrayal of that picturesque figure of the rougher America, "Calamity Jane" (Holt), William Ellery Leonard's erotic self-revelations in "The Locomotive God" (Century), and Will Durant's emotional autobiography (Simon & Schuster) that has all the fascination of a novel in subject matter and manner. Here are George Washington in the years from 1732-1762 as Rupert Hughes portrays him (Morrow), and "George Washington, Colonial Traveller" (Bobbs-Merrill) as the researches of John C. Fitzpatrick have revealed him, rubbing elbows with Arthur D. Howden Smith's "Commodore Vanderbilt" (McBride), Meade Minnigerode's "Certain Rich Men" (Putnam), and Anna Robeson Burr's James Stillman, in the "Portrait of a Banker" (Duffield). Here, too, are Emma Eames, who in "Some Memories and Reflections" (Appleton) recounts the labors, the contacts, and the triumphs of a prima donna, and George Arliss, who in pleasantly discursive reminiscent vein chronicles his rise "Up the Years from Bloomsbury" (Little, Brown) to enviable success in the theatrical world, side by side with such worthies as D. L. Moody, dubbed by Gamaliel Bradford in his subtitle "A Worker in Souls" (Doran), and Samuel Scoville whose Diary (Macy-Masius) has been edited by Mark Van Doren. And here too are ladies—ladies as widely different as Annie Oakley (Duffeld), that wonderful markswoman whom Courtney Ryley Cooper has now immortalized for the sons of those fathers who sat spellbound before her skill in the good old days when she ran Buffalo Bill a close second as the attraction of his show; Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, "The Romantick Lady" (Scribners), whose biographer, her son, Vivian Burnett, through his prototype "Little Lord Fauntleroy" fastened golden curls and velvet jackets upon the youth of this country, thereby becoming a kingdom's curse with her; and the "Princess des Ursins" (Dutton) of whom Maud Cruttwell has issued a life.

Women, indeed, collectively as well as through certain of their members, have usurped a niche in the season's list. Alice Ames Winter, for instance, has published a book entitled "The Heritage of Women" (Minton, Balch), and John Langdon-Davies another called "A Short History of Women" (Viking). Edmond and Jules de Goncourt's "The Woman of the Eighteenth Century" (Minton, Balch) is now offered in English translation, while Yvonne Maguire presents sketches of the "Women of the Medici" (Dial), and Cameron Rogers a set of "Gallant Ladies" (Harcourt, Brace). Even the "Ladies of the Underworld" (Sears) have representation in the volume in which Netley Lucas recounts the exploits of some present day women criminals.

But to return to more worthy subjects. The lover of American biography will find interesting food to indulge his taste upon in F. J. Hudleston's spicy "Gentleman Johnny Burgoyne" (Bobbs-Merrill), a most entertaining volume; Phillips Russell's "John Paul Jones" (Brentano), a picture of a man at once intrepid, egotistical, and gallant, and at times vividly dramatic; Gerald W. Johnson's revealing study of "Andrew Jackson" (Minton, Balch); Alfred Stanton's "Navigator" (Morrow), the story of Nathaniel Bowditch of Salem, to whom the clipper ship owed much of its far-flung dominion; and Walter Noble Burns's "Tombstone," the biography not of a man but of a boom town. One of the most picturesque figures of American history finds portrayal in Allan Nevins's study of "Frémont-Trail Blazer" (Harpers), while "The Diary of Philip Hone" (Dodd, Mead), which Mr. Nevins has edited from the original manuscripts, is interesting for the light it casts on early American personalities and happenings.

Readers of the older generation to whom the fame of Henry Ward Beecher is still a vivid remembrance of the days when his sermons at Plymouth Church packed the building to overflowing and to whom the storm of scandal that broke over his head as a result of the revelations in regard to Mrs. Tilton was once a matter of intense concern, will find in it not only a vivid treatment of specific episodes of a rich career but also a carefully wrought tapestry of the background against which it was projected. The same group, to whom corruption in politics is still epitomized by the words "Tweed ring," will turn with eagerness to Denis Tilden Lynch's "'Boss' Tweed" (Boni & Liveright), while their sons and daughters of today whose interest runs to politics, will find books to their taste in L. White Busbey's racy portrayal of one of the most picturesque personalities of recent history, "'Uncle Joe' Cannon" (Holt) and in two lives of Governor Smith, one, by Henry F. Pringle, entitled "Alfred E. Smith" (Macy-Masius), and the other, by Henry Markowitz and Norman Hapgood, called "Up from the City Streets" (Harcourt, Brace). Walter Lippmann's "Men of Destiny" (Macmillan) and William Allen White's "Masks in the Pageant" (Macmillan), the latter a volume of sketches of some Presidents and other political figures, should have special appeal for all those concerned with contemporary political life.

So much for American biography. Those readers whose inclination is rather for the personalities of foreign countries than for the perhaps more familiar figures of their own will find as wide a range of choice among the season's portrayals of non-American celebrities as among those of the United States. From sovereigns to commoner, taking in revolutionists and dictators in their stride, the biographers of the Fall have covered the European field. Francis Hackett has turned his attention to that monarch famed in story as well as history, Henry VIII (Boni & Liveright); the second volume of the late Sir Sydney Lee's life of King Edward VII (Macmillan), the first portion of which aroused so vivid an interest in England on its publication a few years ago, is promised for the near future; and the letters and journal of Lady Mary Ponsonby have been edited by Magdalen Ponsonby and are soon to appear under the title "A Lady in Waiting to Queen Victoria" (Sears). Katherine Woodward's "Queen Mary of England" (Doran), which we understand is a best seller in Great Britain, has recently been published here where that most estimable if least picturesque of sovereigns can hardly be expected to interest as many readers as in her own land. Of larger importance are the two new studies of Francis Joseph, one "Franz Joseph as Revealed by His Letters" edited by Otto Ernst (Stokes), and the other "Francis Joseph," by Eugene Bagger (Putnam). Finally, to round off the list of monarchs, the Cosmopolitan Company has issued the "Memoirs of Queen Hortense," stepdaughter of Napoleon.

Perhaps the most interesting biography of the season from the point of view of European political affairs is Emil Ludwig's "Bismarck" (Little, Brown), which has now been translated from the German. It has all of Mr. Ludwig's vivid pictorial treatment of fact and personality as has also, indeed, the volume of shorter biographical sketches from his pen, "Genius and Character" (Harcourt, Brace). This latter book contains essays on figures of as divergent character as Voltaire and Bismarck himself, with a brief introductory analysis of Herr Ludwig's theory of biographical writing. In "Cavour" (Harpers), Maurice Paléologue has presented the great Italian statesman from the point of view of the diplomatist, and has produced a book that is of large interest and should find special favor with those to whom Thayer's life has revealed other phases of his activity. The outstanding figure of present-day Italy finds discussion in Jeanne Bordeaux's "Benito Mussolini" (Doran), while three men whose names are writ large in revolutionary annals are commemorated in Hilaire Belloc's "Robespierre" (Putnam), Alexander Kerensky's "The Catastrophe" (Appleton), and Anna Bowman Dodd's "Talleyrand" (Putnam). Military men get their innings in "Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson," whose life and diaries Major-General Sir C. E. Callwell is issuing through Scribners; in Col. D. Napier's "Field-Marshal Lord Napier of Magdala" (Longmans, Green); in "A Great Man's Friendship" (Payson & Clarke), under which title Lady Burghclerc presents a correspondence between Wellington and Lady Salisbury which she has edited; in Lowell Thomas's "Count Luckner, the Sea Devil" (Doubleday, Page), a record of the daring of one of the most picturesque figures of the recent War, and in Victor Thaddeus's portrayal of one of the greatest military geniuses of all time, "Julius Caesar" (Brentanos). Prince Felix Youssoupoff, whose assasination of Rasputin stood out as a gruesome incident even in a time of horror, has written a life of the monk he murdered (Dial), while in "Genghis Khan" (McBride) Harold Lamb has tried to recreate a figure which towers through the ages. The Mongol conqueror has had a novel written about him as well as a biography, Mrs. Alfred Wingate's "A Servant of the Mightiest" (Brentanos) taking him as its hero.

Readers whose interest is largely in contemporary politics and life will find much that is of fascination in J. A. Spender's "Life, Journalism, and Politics" (Stokes), and in the Earl of Birkenhead's "Law, Life and Letters" (Doran), while those whose taste runs to the gossipy memoir will find opportunity to indulge it in the two stout volumes of "Letters of Lady Augusta Stanley" (Dodd, Mead), edited by the Dean of Windsor and Hector Bolitho; "The Diary of Lady Frederick Cavendish" (Stokes), edited by John Bailey, the "Memoirs of the Marquise de Karoubec" (Washburn), and the "Greville Diary" (Doubleday, Page), edited by P. W. Wilson. Count Berchtold has published his reminiscences under the title "Count Berchtold's Own Story" (Macmillan), and Albert Boardman Kerr has supplied a life of the merchant prince of the Middle Ages, "Jacques Coeur" (Scribners). In writing a life of "Jesus" (Macaulay) Henri Barbusse has wandered far from the themes on which he has been most familiar to Americans.

Biography has not only achieved chronicles of persons but of itself, for here is James C. Johnston publishing a volume entitled "The Literature of Personality" (Century). This is a book that opens up a fascinating field of research that of recent years has been winning more and more popular interest. Readers of this volume are likely to have more or less literary tastes and probably will find their attention especially centered on such biographies as the large group that deals with the makers of letters. Into this category fall such studies as Clara Longworth de Chambrun's "Shakespeare: Actor" (Appleton); the translation of the "Letters of Madame de Sévigné" (Brentanos), Marie Jenney Howe's "George Sand" (Day), which the author designates as the chronicle of "a search for love" and which should be interesting in conjunction with Pourtalès's "Chopin," issued by Holt during the past spring; Mary Agnes Hamilton's well-balanced "Thomas Carlyle" (Holt), and the most recent volume of the extensive biography of that philosopher which David Alec Wilson is producing, "Carlyle at His Zenith" (Dutton); "That Man Heine" (Macmillan), by Lewis Browne whose "This Believing World" was so widely read a year ago; and Lewis Melville's "Tobias Smollett" (Houghton Mifflin). Shelley, a beautiful edition of whose collected works, edited by Roger Ingpen, is in process of publication by Scribner, has now served Walter Edwin Peck as the subject for two volumes of biography (Houghton Mifflin), while Bronson Alcott, who emerged so shorn of dignity from the pages of Thomas Beer's "Mauve Decade," is given opportunity for recovering something of his standing in Honoré Willsie Morrow's "The Father of Little Women" (Little, Brown).

A literary biography that will undoubtedly command wide attention is "The Life and Letters of Joseph Conrad" (Doubleday, Page), by G. Jean-Aubry, a work which reveals its subject in his intimate interests and convictions, while another volume that has rare quality is "The Journal

(*Continued on page* 216)

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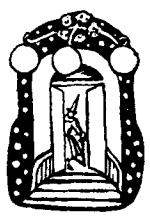

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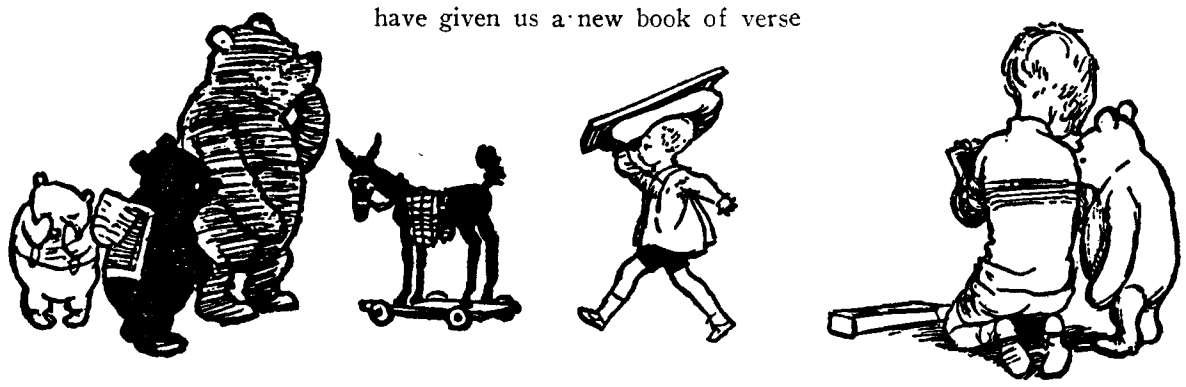

Now We Are Six

Introduction

When you are reciting poetry, which is a thing we never do, you find sometimes, just as you are beginning, that Uncle John is still telling Aunt Rose that if he can't find his spectacles he won't be able to hear properly, and does she know where they are; and by the time everybody has stopped looking for them, you are at the last verse, and in another minute they will be saying, "Thank you, thank you," without really knowing what it was all about. So, next time, you are more careful; and just before you begin you say, *"Er-h'r'm!"* very loudly which means, "Now then, here we are"; and everybody stops talking and looks at you: which is what you want. So then you get in the way of saying it whenever you are asked to recite . . . , and sometimes it is just as well and sometimes it isn't. . . . And by and by you find yourself saying it without thinking. Well, this bit which I am writing now, called Introduction, is really the *er-h'r'm* of the book, and I have put it in, partly so as not to take you by surprise and partly because I can't do without it now. There are some very clever writers who say that it is quite easy not to have an *er-h'r'm,* but I don't agree with them. I think it is much easier not to have all the rest of the book.

What I want to explain in the Introduction is this. We have been nearly three years writing this book. We began it when we were young . . . and now we are six. So, of course, bits of it seem rather baby-ish to us, almost as if they had slipped out of some other book by mistake. On page whatever-it-is there is a thing which is simply three-ish and when we read it to ourselves just now we said, "Well, well, well," and turned over rather quickly. So we want you to know that the name of the book doesn't mean that this is us being six all the time, but that it is about as far as we've got at present, and we half think of stopping there. A. A. M.

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Artist and Child

FUNNYBONE ALLEY. By ALFRED KREYMBORG. Illustrated by BORIS ARTZYBASHEFF. New York: The Macaulay Company. 1927.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

PERHAPS just because he has often seen himself in the aspect of benignant age, as the absent-minded meerschaum-puffing philosopher of the cluttered study, with certain shy musical propensities, the child-likeness of Alfred Kreymborg has always been patent; childlikeness being a very different thing from childishness. We associate Kreymborg's poetry and drama with playfulness, though this very playfulness has often approached profundity. To the mature he has usually addressed the poetry of an elf, extracting, with apparent diffidence, canny amusement from ironical life. Himself like a character out of Hans Christian Andersen (at least, as he appears in his work) he has often viewed existence singularly as Andersen viewed it. That is not all of Kreymborg, as no one aspect is all of any artist so versatile, but it is so great a part of him that it seems only natural that he has now presented us with a book for children.

His book will be read with absorption and delight by certain children of all ages; chiefly by those in whose brains a fretting starlight of fancy persists. Matter-of-fact children (and despite the sentimental view, there are many such), and matter-of-fact elders—well, concerning these I cannot prophesy. For Kreymborg has naturally not written what is known in the barbarous terminology of our time as a "juvenile." Rather here is exactly the same Kreymborg of many of his poems and many of his little dramas, embarked upon prose narration—not upon biographical narrative as in his "Troubadour," but upon an entirely imaginative tale. The imagination of Artzybasheff, the illustrator, has successfully supplemented the author's in color and line.

"Funnybone Alley" is a string of loosely related whimsical episodes afloat in a poetic and nonsensical atmosphere which is often charming in the extreme. On the other hand it seems to me that the vigor of invention sometimes flags. And in the interpolated verse, while much of it is ambrosia to the nonsense-verse lover, as well as being "brimmed with nimbler meanings up," verbal or metrical slovenliness sometimes treads upon the heels of spontaneity. To take a single instance, the first six couplets of "Enter the Cat" are so entirely satisfactory that the remaining four seem a distinct pity. And elsewhere Kreymborg proves that in the main he is hardly a jingle-master—quite, indeed, as Vachel Lindsay is not; though both can be deft on occasion. On the other hand, the true poet is ever present both in the verse and in the prose of this tale, conjuring, in the latter, with such statements as:

> They always danced best of all to the most familiar echos. Like "The Sidewalks of New York." Since they could well nigh feel, if not see, the patterns left by former children for them to flit in and out of. Even when they stepped outside the pattern. And played or danced sharp or flat.

I speak of the content of that paragraph. Mr. Kreymborg will not agree with me, but I cannot wholly approve of the syntax. Such syntax often occurs in the book, and I am aware that it is modern usage; but though it may be used effectively as an occasional device, I feel that it hampers rhythm in prose as often as it stimulates. Yet I know that long, unbroken sentences afflict young readers.

The gallery of characters in "Funnybone Alley" is a delightful assortment, Kreymborg's nomenclature usually fortunate, and

Drawing by Boris Artzybasheff for "Gayneck," by Dhan Gopal Mukerji

such a chapter as "What the Fishman Taught Them" seems to me fascinating writing for children. The book is rich in homely detail invested with glamour.

On Condescension

EVERYONE will agree that there is something wrong with children's books. They are thin stuff, poor fare. If your youngsters had to subsist on the year's output alone, they would die of anæmia or a mild but persistent ptomaine. This failure is of course due to a number of things which make no one as happy as kings—space forbids a closer inspection. However, there is usually a basic something wrong, given which other things cannot be right. Mass-thinking is the most popular scapegoat nowadays, and certainly it lies near the bottom of this as of most literary tangles. But we think we see in addition to the evils of standardization a root-trouble more irritating because more personal, a hindrance not on the part of the essentially indifferent populace, but on the parts of those personally interested, authors, publishers, buyers. Italics almost always creep under the word "children's"—"He writes *children's* serials." "She's not a *children's* reviewer." "Yes, its a good *children's* book"—italics invisible to the eye but only too audible to the inner ear. We are sure that they come from an Attitude with a capital A. An attitude of condescension. And now our trouble is out. Of course the quality of children's books is thin. No one is going to put his best stuff into an inferior article.

The implication is that children's books are a different and inferior breed, pigmies with a silly squint; not the simple, subtle, utterly priceless darlings of our book-race that one might expect to find on the shelf amidst grown-up volumes.

Now, the facts about the really good children's books flatly contradict such an implication. The older favorites were written not for children at all but for unsophisticated man, witness "Pilgrim's Progress." And the newer standby is certainly a true child of its author's brain, springing from a joy of youthfulness that has survived in that brain, and written not really for children but, like all good writing, primarily for self-expression, witness "Huckleberry Finn." There can be no fundamental separation of type, since the child is eternally father of the man. The best "children's books" are read by children because of suitable material and methods, but they express the world's youth.

With condescension comes laxness. Anything will do to try on the child. What a paradox in an age of youth triumphant and education rampant, with one out of three mothers helping to run a progressive school! Of course, there are the happy exceptions. And in general much is being done, but, alas! in nine cases out of ten with an apologetic shrug. Let us beware! We are conferring an inferiority complex on our children's books as hard as we can, and everyone knows nowadays what an inferiority complex can do when it gets a head-start. Pretty soon these books will indeed be a race of pygmies—already most of them are badly stunted.

Anyhow, we intend to make no apologies whatsoever when we ask leading literary critics to review children's books—and we beg our readers to note the absence of italics in the word "children's"!

A sign-painter, a street band, a performance at a toy theatre, the appearance of an organ-grinder, all these and many other phenomena that are capitalized Events in

Illustration by Elizabeth MacKinstry for Rachel Field's "The Magic Pawnshop"

the world of the child, are described with beautifully humorous fantasy; and the philosophy underlining the course of events glows with the poet's essential kindliness. His satire is light and gay and "Solemnity Street" much in need of it.

I hope I have not given the impression that the verse that performs turn and turn about with prose is by any means a mistake. It is often most ingenious and lends the spice of variety to the whole concoction. Finally, I find the queer dream atmosphere of "Funnybone Alley" both haunting and impressed with the individuality of the author. There is in the volume no "writing down" to the child; and it cumulatively acquaints the child with the true meaning of the word "artist." This last, so far as I know, has never been done so successfully before.

A Prize Story

THE TRADE WIND. By CORNELIA MEIGS. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1927. $2 net.

THIS book now rests securely on the Beacon Hill Bookshelf, chosen from almost four hundred manuscripts submitted for the Bookshelf's prize—all of which means much thought on the subject of literature for the young. The $2,000 was finally awarded to "The Trade Wind" because of its "vibrant atmosphere, its picturesque life, and its strong appeal to the creative imagination." Indeed, if the imaginative pitch of the first fifty pages could have been sustained the growing girl (for girls like adventure) or boy would have had a lasting thrill. Our first thought was accompanied by a thrill: "Here is a book that equals 'Drums'!" We rejoiced that a book for youth should fly straight, free of the arbitrary limits of the imagination that usually cramp a juvenile writer's material and style. The young mind is superior to ours in the power of transmuting life. Perhaps it is a sneaking inferiority-complex that ties our thought in didactic knots in the presence of youth. In the first chapter a boy with a mind full of sea-romance passed down from his father, who returned to the sea and was lost in it after years on shore, looks out of his window above the bay on a night of rain and thinks sadly that nothing ever happens. Presto! A flash of lightning reveals "six or seven men coming along the path which slanted across the garden, men with sea-beaten faces, this one with a red handkerchief tied around his head, that one with an unsheathed cutlass in his hand. The noise of the rain drowned the crunching of their heavy boots. . . ." Immediately the spirit of David's father urged me to read as it urged David to run the seas.

Alack! When David is actually off on the bounding wave, he becomes no longer the wistfully expectant David we know well already, but a boy on an adventure, any boy. Not any adventure. For this tale passes skilfully through outlandish fleets and about unfriendly harbors below the equator. The period is fascinating: life on the ocean never held more circumstantial picturesqueness than in the pirate-chasing, buccaneering, revenue-running days directly before the Revolution. There is no dull adventure in this book. Also, it may be added, no verbiage, no bunk, and the characters are solidly executed. Nevertheless, in company with David we do not get quite the thrill that the first chapters led us to expect; and only at the end do we recapture first-hand romance, when the gorgeous *Pegasus* sinks, and the winged horse, her figurehead, "in a final plunge, went under and was drowned forever in a smother of green water and white foam." To our mind at least, the appeal to the creative imagination, which after all comes from a creative imagination vividly at work, is not any too strong.

In short, "The Trade Wind" will be outstanding in the juvenile year because of its entire soundness and its partial vibrancy. But it misses the place in the ranks of books in general which any book, for young or old, that lives all through its being, can claim! However, we are more than grateful to writer and publisher and Bookshelf for giving our children an interesting and able piece of work, and such criticism as we offer is in fact a compliment.

Six and a Bull's-eye

NOW WE ARE SIX. By A. A. MILNE. With decorations by ERNEST H. SHEPARD. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1927. $2.

Reviewed by LEE WILSON DODD

BE very careful, Mr. Reviewer, or you will find yourself being tempted to say that "Now We Are Six" isn't quite so good, quite so spontaneously charming, as "When We Were Very Young!" Three things will tempt you to say this, and not one of them is a credit to critical human nature. For, first, you will begin reading this book entirely prejudiced in favor of another book—unreasonably jealous for that other book, if the truth were known. And, second, instead of yielding yourself to this book, you will be telling yourself that nobody can hit the bullseye twice in succession—not even so delightful and clever a man as Mr. Milne. And, third and worst, you will feel that a little delicately patronizing disparagement of "Now We Are Six" may make your review more entertaining in itself than a mere repetition of the indis-

Drawing by E. H. Shepard for "Now We Are Six," by A. A. Milne

criminate praise you heaped upon "When We Were Very Young." So watch your step thoughfully, Mr. Reviewer.

Well, then, the truth is (as one reviewer sees it after long and self-denying reflection)—"*er-h'r'm*"—the truth *is*, that "Now We Are Six" is a second unquestionable bullseye for Mr. Milne. Not all the verses of "When We Were Very Young" were equally alluring. Half a dozen or so of the jingles in that famous volume were, like little Anne Darlington, to whom the present colection is dedicated, "so speshal." The King's Breakfast, The Three Little Foxes, what James James Morrison Morrison Weatherby George Dupree said to his errant mother; best of all, perhaps, Market Square, with the dying fall of its refrain, so funnily and tenderly wistful, "But they hadn't got a rabbit, not anywhere there!" Such things curled right in under one's ribs, to remain there warm and comfy—with just enough animating tickle—to the end of one's days. But there were other verses—a good many, indeed—pleasant enough in their way, which we have all easily forgotten. And this, I believe, will prove to be quite as true of "Now We Are Six."

Who, for example, having once read it, is going to disremember

> *If I were a bear,*
> *And a big bear too,*
> *I shouldn't much care*
> *If it froze or snew—*

or the Little Black Hen, who

> *"They want me to lay them*
> *An egg for tea.*
> *If they were Emperors,*
> *If they were Kings,*
> *I'm much too busy*
> *To lay them things."*

And I submit, further, that Busy and Sneezles and Binker and Twice Times and Explained and Forgiven and The Good Little Girl will soon twingle themselves into the heads and hearts of all companionable grown-ups and children. ("Twingle," by the way, is a brand new portmanteau-word, and it means to sing and twinkle simultaneously).

As for Mr. Shepard, look at his little boy in bed with a cold—just *look* at him!—and be grateful for ever after to Mr. Shepard.

And yet. . . . And yet, in spite of all caution I must regretfuly confess. . . . But *must* I? Must I, really? No; I'll be hanged if I will!

(*Continued on page 214*)

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The Children's Bookshop

The Saga of a Pigeon

GAY-NECK. The Story of a Pigeon. By DHAN GOPAL MUKERJI. Illustrated by Boris Artzybasheff. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 1927. $2.25.

Reviewed by MARY GRAY

A NEW book by the author of Kari, the Elephant, will be sure of a welcome from a wide circle of all ages. This story of "Gay-Neck," the wonderful carrier-tumbler pigeon, whom the boy Mukerji, raised and trained and afterwards sent to service in the World War is more fascinating even than the adventures of Kari, partly because the material is so fresh. We had heard from Kipling and others a good deal of the habits of elephants, but we do not remember any previous animal story books about pigeons, with the exception of "Chico." Add to this a plot full of hair-breadth escapes on the part of the clever pigeon from hawks, eagres, and airplanes, and equally hair-breadth escapes from tigers and elephants on the part of his young master, and you have the material for a real "thriller" that will please the taste of even effete little movie fans. But unlike its movie counterparts, this story is told in Mukerji's excellent style, vivid, but thoughtful, with a good bit of Indian philosophy thrown in. Only once in a while are we conscious that Mukerji is using a tongue not his own, as when he says, "Let me give you just a slight picture of our setting," but for the most part he puts many of our native writers for children to shame. Listen to this bit of description:

> The stillness was intense—like a drum whose skin had been so stretched that even breathing on it would make it groan. I felt hemmed in by the piercing soundlessness from every direction. Now and then like an explosion came the crackling of some dry autumn leaves as a soft-footed wild cat leaped on them from the branch of a tree not far away. That sound very soon sank like a stone in the ever rising tide of stillness.

That is from one of the adventures which befell Gay-Neck's master while he was searching for his runaway bird in the eyrie of an Eagle high up in the Himalayas. In one of the Lamaseries of these far-away mountains the pigeon is cured of his first bad fright by the touch of a Holy man who has conquered fear himself and Mukerji receives a lecture on the evils of that arch enemy, Fear.

Twice after that Gay-Neck suffers from what we have learned to call "shell-shock," and refuses to fly, and twice his owner succeeds in bringing him around again. The first time is after a very bad experience with two hawks, the second with German airplanes and their bombs. These incidents furnish further material for analyzing the effect of the conquering of fear.

The illustrations and designs by Boris Artzybasheff have a striking Indian flavor that fits the tale well. We can thoroughly recommend Gay-Neck to American youths, philosophy and all.

Magic and Realism

THE MAGIC PAWNSHOP. By RACHEL FIELD. Decorations by ELIZABETH MACKINSTRY. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1927. $2.

YOU have read many a fantastic child's story, compounded of magic and nonsense, and you have read not so many naturalistic stories of real little girls in familiar situations,—not nearly so many, as a matter of fact, as the average little girl would like to read, for the magical tale seems to be far more frequent.

If you possess yourself of this little book of Rachel Field's, you will enjoy a very charming combination of both types, and that, too, in the continuous-story form which seems for some reason to be used less often for children than the short tale with which they are constantly supplied.

Not that even the most up-and-coming little girl could really involve herself in the delightful impossibilities that happen to Prinda during her visit to the magic pawnshop to secure a miracle for her sick uncle's use; but that they are all recounted with a running maintenance of realism in background, in character drawing, and in the logical folowing-out of a real plot—which even has two bits of love stories bound up in it. So a little girl reading will have the pleasures of recognition of many items of her own surroundings, combined with the surprises of a magic broomstick and its proprietress-rider, and all the goings-on in the magic shop over which she presides.

Especially delectable is the idea of the Conscience which one of the characters has pawned, and which appears as a luminous, colored Something in a wicker bird-cage, fading gradually to nothingness unless reinstated in its owner's bosom; and of the superfluous elderly aunt pawned by her family only to find a comfortable realm of usefulness in the pawnship itself, so that she cheerfully repudiates their efforts to reclaim her when they find they have made a mistake and need her very dreadfully after all.

Full of suggestion are Miss Field's pawnshop shelves, and many real bits of understanding of human nature flash from her lines, as her ingenious little plot develops. A grown-up will not lack enjoyment in reading this story with a child.

The little colored decorations are in keeping with the feeling of the book, and although they are slight and not very frequent they add to its satisfying make-up. We hope Miss Field will give us more books in the same key.

Book Lists for Children

Suggested by JACQUELINE OVERTON
Children's Library, Robert Bacon Memorial, Westbury, Long Island

BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS, a suggestive purchase list published by the Bookshop for Boys and Girls, 270 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass. 1922. Price 25 cents. A new edition is now in preparation.

A LIST OF BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS, suggested for purchase by Marion Cutter of the Children's Book Shop, 108 East Fifty-seventh Street, New York. Price 35 cents. Although published seven years ago, *this is still a good basic list.*

THE CHILD'S FIRST BOOKS, a study of the best picture and story books available for the pre-school child. Prepared for the Child Study Association by Elsa H. Naumburg, Child Study Association, 54 West Seventy-fourth Street. Price 35 cents.

THE HORN BOOK, a charming little magazine published quarterly by the Bookshop for Boys and Girls in Boston. Besides excellent annotated lists of books, it contains special articles. Subscription price $1. Single copies 25 cents.

BOOKS OF ADVENTURE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS of all ages. A booklist guide to stories, trails, voyages, discoveries, explorations, and places to read about as illustrated in the Map of Adventure drawn by Paul M. Paine. The Map may be purchased at Brentano's, New York. Price $2.50.

OUTDOOR BOOKS published by the Bookshop for Boys and Girls, 270 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass. Price 25 cents.

PLAYS FOR CHILDREN, a selected list compiled by Kate Oglebay. H. W. Wilson Co. 1922. Price 50 cents.

A list to aid dramatic directors and teachers in the selection of plays for children from six to sixteen.

CHRISTMAS, legends, stories, carols, and festivals. Children's Library, Westbury, Long Island. Price 25 cents.

An invaluable list for mothers and teachers. The stories have all been tried and tested many times in the telling.

HALLOWE'EN, a selection of poems, stories, and plays, compiled by Jaqueline Overton. Children's Library, Westbury, Long Island. Price 15 cents.

THE HARPER BOYS' AND GIRLS' BOOKSHOP, 460 Park Ave., New York City, has in preparation a Selected List of Books for Boys and Girls which may be ordered for 25 cents.

A Suggestion

FOR a group of mothers of children of the same grade to supplement their children's school work in any special field by forming for the children's use at home a circulative book-club of thoroughly *interesting* collateral reading in that field. Possibly each mother would donate one or more books. This plan, of course, could be carried out, at greater expense, individually. It should lead children to widen collateral reading at the library.

(*See page 225 for brief review of children's books*)

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FALL—DISTINGUISHED CENTURY BOOKS AND AUTHORS—1927

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WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD
—author of *The Locomotive God*. His long narrative poem *Two Lives*, published a few years ago, occasioned unprecedented critical discussion and enthusiasm. His latest book is among the most important of modern autobiographies.

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By Lowell Thomas
Author of *With Lawrence in Arabia*, etc. Illus. $2.00

THE CLAIM JUMPERS
By Charles A. Hoyt
Author of *Prairie Treasure*, etc. Illus. $1.75

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High-spirited story of college life. Illus. $1.75

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By Alan Sullivan
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By Helen Nicolay
Author of *The Boys' Life of Abraham Lincoln*, etc. Illus. $2.00

SHIP OF DREAMS
By Edith Ballinger Price
Author of *Garth, Able Seaman*, etc. Illus. $1.75

THE SHADOW ON THE DIAL
By Augusta Huiell Seaman
Author of *The Secret of Tate's Beach*, etc. Illus. $1.75

TREASURE TROVE
By E. B. and A. A. Knipe
Authors of *Lucky Sixpence*, etc. Illus. $1.75

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By Ethel Comstock Bridgman
Author of *A Year At Miss Austin's*, etc. Illus. $1.75

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JOURNAL OF KATHERINE MANSFIELD

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Books of the Fall

(*Continued from page* 208)

of Katherine Mansfield" (Knopf), edited by her husband, J. Middleton Murry. Portions of this latter work ran in this country in the *Yale Review* and in England in the *Adelphi*, Mr. Murry's periodical. Those who read them in those magazines will know what beauty of thought and pathos of spirit are to be found in the journal of this author who died at the moment that her powers seemed ripest. Odell Shepard in "The Heart of Thoreau's Journal" (Houghton Mifflin) has striven to concentrate in the space of a single volume the essence of the writer's philosophy; and Haldane Macfall has portrayed "Aubrey Beardsley" (Simon & Schuster) in a lively and meaty volume. "The Later Years of the Saturday Club" (Houghton Mifflin) edited by M. A. De Wolfe Howe; "Latest Contemporary Portraits" (Macmillan), by Frank Harris, and "Some People" (Houghton Mifflin), by Harold Nicolson, a collection of suave and delightful essays on odd characters, are all biographical works of interest. The lover of music will find offered for his entertainment and instruction "The Life of Sir Arthur Sullivan" (Doran), by Herbert Sullivan and Newman Flower, Feodor Chaliapin's "Pages from My Life" (Harpers), biographies of Beethoven (called forth by the centennial of his death) by E. F. Phillips (Macmillan), H. Grace (Harpers), J. W. N. Sullivan (Knopf), and W. J. Turner (Doman); "The Schumanns and Johannes Brahms" (Dial), memoirs of Eugénie Schumann, and "Letters of Clara Schumann and Johannes Brahms, 1853-1896," edited by Berthold Litzmann (Longmans, Green).

From biography to *belles lettres* we make the transition by way of Lord Ernle's "The Light Reading of Our Ancestors" (Brentanos), a volume that offers considerable food for thought. Whatever the reading of our progenitors may have been the men and women of today have both variety and range offered to them. One of the most stimulating collections of essays to make their appearance for some considerable time is Elmer Davis's "Show Window" (Day), discussions of persons and trends as trenchant and scintillating as they are barbed and revealing. A volume by William C. Brownell is always one to command attention, and his forthcoming "Democratic Distinction" (Scribners) is certain to be full of pregnant writing. Admirers of Mencken and Nathan will rejoice to know that the sixth volume of "Prejudices" (Knopf) by the former is about to appear, and that the latter's "Land of the Pilgrim's Pride" (Knopf) is already out. University audiences which last year listened with admiration to Gilbert Murray and those who were not fortunate enough to hear him will be glad to find that the gist of his lectures is now available in "The Classical Tradition in Poetry" which the Harvard University Press is about to issue. Another foreign lecturer in our colleges, Bernard Fay, is also coming before the American public with a literary study, "Since Victor Hugo" (Little, Brown), an analysis of French literature of today. E. M. Forster, whose "A Passage to India" aroused so much respectful interest a few years ago, has written a book on "Aspects of the Novel" (Harcourt, Brace); Aldous Huxley is bringing out "Proper Studies" (Doran), Leonard Woolf "Essays on Literature, History, Politics" (Harcourt, Brace); Ernest Boyd, "Literary Blasphemies" (Harpers), Percy Boynton another set of critical essays, "More Contemporary Americans" (University of Chicago), and Frank Swinnerton "Tokefield Essays" (Doran). Beverley Nichols's "Are They the Same at Home?" Norman Douglas's "One Might Do Worse" (Macy-Masius), Edmund Gosse's "Leaves and Fruit" (Scribners), Ludwig Lewisohn's "Cities and Men" (Harpers), and J. B. Priestley's "Open House" (Harpers) are eminently worthy of note. The collector or man who has a special interest in typography will find a number of books directed toward his hobby, William Dana Orcutt's "The Kingdom of Books" (Little, Brown), A. S. W. Rosenbach's "Books and Bidders" (Little, Brown), the publication in book form of the series of articles contributed by the noted Philadelphia rare-book dealer to the *Saturday Evening Post*, Cyril Davenport's "Byways Among English Books" (Stokes), and Douglas C. McMurtrie's "The Golden Book" (Covici). Finally before leaving the field of *belles lettres* mention should be made of Francis Carco's "The Last Bohemia" (Holt), Emily Clark's "Stuffed Peacocks" (Knopf), Howard Mumford Jones's "American and French Culture" (University of North Carolina), Don Marquis's "Archy and Mehitabel" Doubleday, Page), and Charles Erskine Scott Wood's "Heavenly Discourse" (Vanguard).

In the field of drama, though there are some familiar names represented, there is, with few exceptions, nothing of very large significance. One of the exceptions is Eugene O'Neill's "Lazarus Laughed" (Boni & Liveright), a grim and powerful presentation of morbidness that, however it may offend the susceptibilities of the public, fascinates interest. Galsworthy's "Escape" (Scribners) which is about to open in New York, Somerset Maugham's "The Letter" (Doran), Cosmo Hamilton and Frank C. Reilly's "Pickwick" (Putnam), and John Baldeston's "Berkeley Square" (Macmillan), all either already having stage representation or scheduled for it are among the plays listed. There is a new volume of the Variorum Shakespeare, edited by Horace Howard Furness, Jr., "Coriolanus" (Lippincott), an edition by H. Brett-Smith of "The Plays of Sir George Etherege" (Houghton Mifflin), a play by J. B. Fagan, "And So to Bed" (Holt), built about the personality of Pepys, a new treatment of a favorite theme in John Masefield's "Tristan and Isolt" (Macmillan), a play by E. E. Cummings (from force of habit we almost wrote the name without capitals), entitled "Him" (Boni & Liveright), and one by Ashley Dukes named "One More River" (Doran). For the rest the volumes that fall under the category of drama are for the most part studies of dramatic art. There are, for instance, Allardyce Nicoll's "The Development of the Theatre" (Harcourt, Brace), Arthur Hobson Quinn's "History of the American Drama" (Harpers), "Theatre" (Little, Brown), edited by Edith J. R. Isaacs, a set of essays on the art of the theatre, and Percy Hammond's "But Is It Art?" (Doubleday, Page). Finally, there are two works of scholarship that should be mentioned, Hazelton Spencer's "Shakespeare Improved" (Harvard University Press), and Charles Read Baskerville's "The Elizabethan Jig and Related Song Drama" (University of Chicago Press).

We seem to have sandwiched *belles lettres* and drama in between biography and history, whether by way of giving relief to our columns or to our feelings, we need not say. But now we are back again at those books which are of prime interest to the persons who care more for events and personalities than for the manner in which they are recorded or the reflection of life that is drama. Bernard Fay, whose name we mentioned among those who had contributed a volume in the field of literary criticism, appears again in the ranks of the historians with "The Revolutionary Spirit in France and America" (Harcourt, Brace), and Hendrik Van Loon, whose "Tolerance" is one of the reissues of the season, comes forth with a new book that will undoubtedly command wide attention, "America" (Boni & Liveright). Harpers announce "The American Adventure" by David Saville Muzzey, McBride "The Conquest of Our Western Empire," by Agnes C. Laut, the Oxford University Press "A History of the United States of America," and Macmillan several volumes in the History of American Life series. These are "The First Americans," by Thomas Jefferson Wertenbaker, "Provincial Society," by James Truslow Adams, "The Rise of the Common Man," by Charles Russell Fish, and "The Emergence of Modern America," by Allan Nevins. Another work of interest to the student of American annals is Randolph G. Adams's "The Gateway to American History" (Houghton Mifflin), a pictorial presentation of the founding of the nation. Of more special appeal are Paul Leland Haworth's "The Hayes-Tilden Election" (Bobbs-Merrill), and Hoffman Nickerson's "Crisis of the Revolution" (Houghton Mifflin), an account of Burgoyne's campaign which could well be read with "Gentleman Johnny Burgoyne." The purchaser of the life of Mussolini which we mentioned before might supplement that with the second volume of Gaetano Salvemini's "The Fascist Dictatorship in Italy" (Holt), while the reader of Ludwig's life of Bismarck would probably be interested in following up the affairs of Germany after his death in Erich Branderburg's "From Bismarck to the World War" (Oxford University Press), and in gathering what light he can on them from the more general "History of Reparations" (Houghton Mifflin), by Carl Bergmann; the student of Russian affairs would find matter germane to his field in the "History of the Russian Revolution" (International), reported by various of its leaders, and in "The Reign of Rasputin" (Stokes), by W. V. Rodzianko, late President of the Duma. "The See of Peter," by James T. Shotwell and Louise Ropes Loomis (Columbia University Press), Benedict Fitzpatrick's "Ireland and the Foundations of Europe" (Funk & Wagnalls), the first two volumes of the George III Papers (Macmillan), which were recently discovered and which have been edited by John Fortesque, and Thomas G. Masaryk's "The Making of the State" (Stokes), a volume of memories and observations by the President of the Czecho-Slovak republic, are all deserving of attention.

But the volume that will be of popular interest, and that indeed should prove almost as much of a favorite as a novel, is Mark Sullivan's "Our Times" (Scribners), the second in a projected series of four, covering the years 1905-1910. Its predecessor, full as it is of piquant anecdote, colorful history, and interesting illustration, has been immensely successful and there is every reason to suppose that the new book will be no whit behind the former in pungency of content.

There is a type of book that of recent years has acquired many readers, whether as a result of the wave of crime that swept over the world in the wake of the war, or because of the constantly increasing appetite for detective stories, and that is the book that chronicles the doings of criminals and the trials for their misdeeds. There has been a perfect eruption of such works. The John Day Company has recently issued several volumes of the Notable British Trials series, Horace Wyndham has written an account of "Crimes in High Life" (Dodd, Mead), Frederick A. Mackenzie has supplied one on "Twentieth Century Crimes" (Little, Brown), Charles J. Finger has published "Romantic Rascals" (McBride), and Arthur L. Hayward has edited the "Lives of the Most Remarkable Criminals" (Dodd, Mead). Perhaps "The Story of the Law" (Washburn), by John M. Zane, may serve as a useful antidote to records of its breaking, while "The Procession to Tyburn" (Boni & Liveright), edited by William G. McAdoo, and presenting a chronicle of crime and punishment in the eighteenth century, certainly ought to furnish a vivid commentary upon it. In the "Companionate Marriage," (Boni & Liveright), Judge Ben Lindsey, offers the observations and opinions of an administrator of justice noted for his humanity and rendered tolerant of the frailities of human nature by his careful study of wrong-doing at its springs—that is in youth. An instrument for the control of crime, the famous Mounted Police of Canada, finds portrayal at the able hands of Morris Longstreet in "The Silent Force" (Century), a volume written with the unofficial collaboration of the men of that most efficient of organizations.

From crime to radio is a flying leap, but we make it by turning to the group of books which takes up that newest of the arts, if it can be so called—from various angles. There is first the "Radio Amateur's Handbook" (Crowell), which A. Frederick Collins has prepared, a volume which the boy as well as his father can use, and of which this fifth edition contains all the new radio laws. Then for the man who wishes not only instruction in building and using an instrument but is anxious to know something of the history of experimentation that lies behind its successful operation today are Orrin E. Dunlap's "The Story of Radio" (Dial), and R. P. Clarkson's "The Hysterical Background of Radio" (Sears). As if by way of proving that the playthings of girls as well as of boys have a history worth recording Esther Singleton has written a volume on "Dolls" (Payson & Clarke), while just by way of showing the charms of a stepchild of science Evangeline Adams has produced "Astrology: Your Place in the Sun" (Dodd, Mead). Miss Adams, we understand, is a member of a family that has given to America some of its most distinguished figures, and she is, we are further informed, frequently called on to cast the horoscopes of some of the most eminent personalities of the present day. At least one Cabinet Minister is said to consult her forecasts, while our informant asserts that we should be lost in astonishment did we know how many and which of our literary confrères visit her office. Well perhaps they go in the letter of Dorothy Canfield Fisher's title "Why Stop Learning?" (Harcourt, Brace). The spirit of that book, however, is a perfectly serious one, and its exposition of the authors' belief in a continuous and wise development of the mental powers should prove interesting reading to a diversity of persons. A volume that mothers in particular will appreciate is H.

(*Continued on page* 222)

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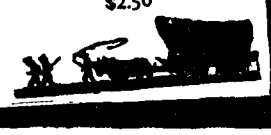

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* * *

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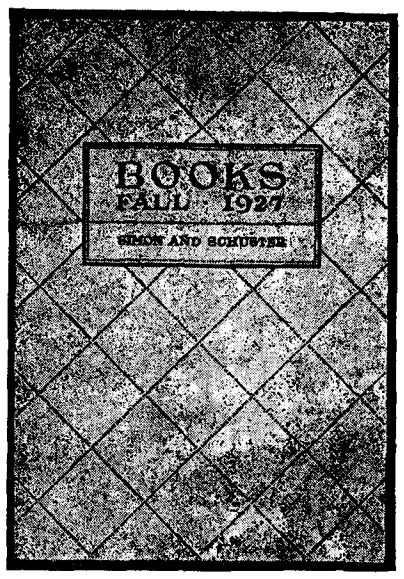

THIS catalogue has just been issued. It contains announcements of new books by *Will Durant, Arthur Schnitzler, Samuel Chotzinoff, Franz Werfel, Haldane MacFall,* and other new books by authors on the Simon and Schuster list; also an announcement of the new titles in *The Pamphlet Poets Series,* and details concerning *The Francis Bacon Award for The Humanizing of Knowledge.*

We reproduce the foreword of the catalogue itself:

"IN ISSUING a catalogue it is uncustomary, perhaps, for a publisher to send with it an apologia. Yet, with a history that starts with a book of Cross Word Puzzles, ranges to Viennese novels, jumps to a book on Philosophy, bolts over to books on poker or bridge, travels to a volume of South African reminiscences, and in the interim veers off in as many directions almost as the knight's move on a chess board, we take the liberty to offer this brief explanation.

Publishing is a personal matter, we feel. We publish books primarily which, as non-publishers, we would like to read, were they available at bookstores, or libraries, or at the homes of friends.

Of course, we like best sellers. But in the short span of our corporate life we have discovered the manuscript that in editorial councils looks as though "it ought to go big" because "it has this appeal and that element" usually turns out quite the other way—unless it happens that we like it *despite* the fact that it looks threateningly like a best seller.

True enough, even books which appeal most strongly to us and yet seem of limited appeal—we publish them and occasionally discover to our chagrin that, as we had suspected, the public stays away in droves.

So, if the peruser of this catalogue may wonder at a book on chirography, so apparently neighborly with a group of twenty-five cent poetry pamphlets, the answer is: neither is necessarily destined for the dizzy heights of best-sellerdom; yet we like these poems, and we like the hand-writing book. Indeed, each book listed in these pages is one which (were we not privileged to be its publishers and thereby accorded the honor of purloining the first two copies off press) we should borrow or rent, or in a period of prosperity, be sorely tempted to buy.

SIMON AND SCHUSTER."

A COPY of this catalogue will gladly be mailed to any reader of The Saturday Review of Literature. Address, SIMON AND SCHUSTER, 37 W. 57th Street, New York, N. Y.

The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

2. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the most characteristic fragment, in not more than 350 words, from the preface to "Columbus—A Comedy," by George Bernard Shaw. (Entries for this competition must be mailed to reach *The Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of October 24th.)

3. The Eighteenth Amendment has just been revoked. Mr. H. L. Mencken, too full of his accustomed prose, bursts into dithyrambic verse in his next editorial in *The American Mercury*. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the most convincing extract not exceeding thirty lines. (Entries for this competition must be mailed to reach *The Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of October 31st.)

Intending competitors are advised to read very carefully the rules printed below.

THE mock competition, offering a prize of one cent to Christopher Morley, William Rose Benét, and Leonard Bacon for the best short nonsense lyric beginning with the line "It's daffodil time in New Zealand," has already brought a thick crop of entries from rival competitors, but nothing so far from the original trio. Their nonsense is due in a few days and will be printed here next week. In the meantime "The Wits' Weekly" begins auspiciously with an entry from no less a humorist than Arthur Guiterman. His manuscript, the first of some expected thousands to find its way to our mail-box, will be added to the archives of *The Saturday Review.*

SPRING LONGING

It's daffodil time in New Zealand;
The Koodoo, the Yak, and the Eland,
The bashful Baboon
And the roguish Raccoon
Are lolloping over the lea;

But Spring is exceedingly painful
To me for my Love is disdainful;
She whizzes afar
In the family car,—
Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me!

I thought mistakenly that Leonard Bacon had a lien on that eland. Our own Lee Wilson Dodd grasps greedily at the prize with

It's daffodil time in New Zealand.
I repeat, I assert, I proclaim
It's daffodil time in New Zealand—
And I hope you are feeling the same!

For that's just the way that I feel, and
Without hesitation I sing
It's daffodil time in New Zealand . . .
Bow-wow! Ding-a-ding! Ding-a-ding!

These are excellent; but I like even better Dorothy H. Avery's attempt to win what she calls "the copper medal bearing the likeness of President Lincoln on the obverse."

BURNING LOVE

It's daffodil time in New Zealand
And o'er those tall trumpets of gold
The kangaroos softly are hov'ring
Extracting the nectar they hold;

But it's dark when a Maori maiden
Whose love for me scorchingly glows,
Clasps me close while her passionate kisses
Rub the skin off both sides of my nose.

It's daffodil tibe in Dew Zealad,
The diggo-dogs sweetly do sigg
But I caddot enjoy the fide weather
While wearig by dose id a slig!

"TABS" opens promisingly with the rare nonsense of

It's daffodil time in New Zealand
But the partridge can weather the gale

but this level is not sustained. "NEON" is one of several competitors who strained themselves too much to be convincingly nonsensical, but not when he wrote—

The lapis-lazuli laughed at last
(And a lap is a longing lover's bower,
A lap is a racer's boon)
For the good old "Never Say Die" was cast
On rock shores by a wedding shower
Under a honey-moon.

"SLIGHTLY" writes with a bashful undercurrent of passion.

It's daffodil time in New Zealand,
But the bittersweet blooms in my heart;
My life is a ship with no keel, and
To steer it I have not the art.

Yet once, in the shade of the kauri,
I saw how the daffodils shone,
When I was a young cassowary
And you were an ebony swan.

Alas! for the nest that was plundered!
The ommelette so cruelly made!
The innocent lives that were sundered!
The gun in the daffodil glade!

Judgment is reserved for another week. The review of Competition No. 1 (a serious lyric in limerick stanzas) will be published on October 29th.

RULES

(Competitors failing to comply with these rules will be disqualified)

1. Envelopes should be addressed to "The Competitions Editor, *The Saturday Review of Literature,* 25 West 45th Street, New York City." The number of the competition (e.g., "Competition 1") must be written on the top left hand corner.
2. All MSS. must be legible—typewritten if possible—and should bear the name or psuedonym of the author. Only one side of the paper should be used. Prose entries must be clearly marked off at the end of each fifty words. MSS. cannot be returned.
3. *The Saturday Review* reserves the right to print the whole or part of any entry. The decision of the Competitions Editor is final and he can in no circumstances enter into correspondence.

WILLA CATHER'S NEW NOVEL

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of the rarest, truest kind . . . a wonderful
true artist to penetrate and understand."
—Michael Williams in *The Commonweal*

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Publisher, N. Y.

The Mergenthaler Linotype Company has recently brought out a novel face of newspaper type, which has met with approval by newspapers and their readers. Technically known as Ionic, it resembles in a general way the ordinary typewriter type—which is perhaps one reason why it has been accepted so readily. Its value lies in readableness when printed under ordinary newspaper conditions, due to much heavier face. At the same time fully as much matter can be set in the same space. It has been adopted by several hundred papers, including the *Times*, *World*, and *Post* in New York. It is not a handsome type, but is in line with the present tendency toward greater legibility and the use of larger sizes.

Oxford University Press is reported to be experimenting with a new face of type quite unlike any now in use there, and details are promised for early in the new year.

Despite the increasing difficulty in getting Greek printed, at least in America, where the type-setting machine encourages only the simplest kind of typography (and Greek is not simple) new Greek fonts occasionally make their appearance. The Greek fonts of the French Renaissance, which have something of the picturesqueness of Arabic, are nevertheless difficult and unwieldly to use, and furthermore are not in the best tradition. And the ordinary Greek of modern texts is not possessed of attractiveness *in design.*

In an attempt to "provide a letter which shall satisfy both esthetic and commercial requirements" a committee of the (English) Hellenic Society has projected a new font provisionally named the New Hellenic. It is the property of the Lanston Monotype Corporation, and has been designed by Mr. V. Scholderer of the British Museum, who invites suggestions as to an appropriate name, etc. Proofs of the new font show a clear and vigorous handling of the letter forms, and great legibility in the mass, although there is perhaps too much monotony in the design.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

ITALIAN SCULPTURE OF THE RENAISSANCE. By *Lucy J. Freeman.* Macmillian. $3.50.

DECORATIVE MOTIVES OF ORIENTAL ART. By *Katherine M. Ball.* Dodd, Mead. $15.

MASTERPIECES OF ITALIAN PAINTING. II. By *Francis Prisco.*

Belles Lettres

THE INGENIOUS HIDALGO MIGUEL CERVANTES. By HAN RYNER. Translated by J. H. LEWIS. New York: Harcourt, Brace. 1927. $2.75.

Han Ryner is the author of numerous heterogeneous works which derive their material from widely scattered realms of literature and philosophy. His choice of Cervantes can be explained only by the fact that he manifestly desired to use the great romancer as a peg on which to hang his own ideas. The translation of his book, which is by no stretch of the imagination a biography, was widely announced with much thunder in the index, and naturally keyed up the expectation of those interested in Cervantes.

As a life of Cervantes, the narrative is almost wholly fictitious, and neither the atmosphere of those times, nor Cervantes's domestic *milieu* is rendered with any attempt at even relative accuracy. What is most puzzling is the author's purpose in attributing to Cervantes ideas and actions which, although they are imaginary, place before the eyes of the reader a personage so unlike the historical one, that in Cervantes's own phrase, not even the mother who bore him would have recognized him. Why depict Cervantes as a rabid anti-clerical, a doubter, a secret enemy of the Inquisition, a bitter critic of the stage of his time? There are scores of phrases in his writing which indicate his unflinching and absolute loyalty to the Catholic religion, and his strictures on the stage are directed against certain abuses only, while his praises and the character of his own plays permit the conclusion that he was in no sense an innovator, and followed in general the "esthetic formula" of the theatre of his day. The best pages of the book are generally unrelated to Cervantes and tell us more of Ryner's twentieth century ideas. In the original French, many dialogues have a most artificial ring, a quality from which the English translation has not managed to escape. Even the artifice of introducing verbatim phrases from the works of Cervantes does not enhance the critical value of the book. It is, moreover, disfigured by many misspelt names and words, and the publishers show a perplexing taste in the poor illustrations. A single example will suffice. Cervantes frequently mentions with pride that he fought at Lepanto under Don John of Austria, the son of Charles V. This handsome young Prince was the idol of his men, and died in 1578. Some sixty years later Velázquez painted a lame court buffoon, nicknamed Don John of Austria, presumably after the bastard son of Phillip IV; and this portrait may actually be found opposite page 168 corresponding with the mention of the young Prince John who played so great a *rôle* in the life of Cervantes.

WHAT I KNOW ABOUT YOU. By *Arthur Somers Roche.* Sears. $1.75.

THE SHAPING OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. By *Amy Cruse.* Crowell. $3.50 net.

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON AND THE ARTHURIAN LEGEND. By *Lucius Beebe.* Cambridge, Mass.: Dunster House.

Biography

NAPOLEON IN CAPTIVITY. Reports and Letters of Count Balmain. Translated and edited by JULIAN PARK. Century. 1927. $3.

When the powers of 1915 agreed to send Napoleon to St. Helena under the guardianship of Great Britain, it was provided also that these powers should have the privilege of despatching commissioners to the island "to assure themselves of his (Napoleon's) presence." France, Austria, and Russia accordingly appointed their representatives. It is selections from the reports of the Russian commissioner, Count Balmain, which are presented in this volume.

The Napoleonic legend is here shown in the making. This Russian count of Scotch descent had skill and humor enough to create for his royal master a vivid picture of life on the "rock," bringing in the petty jealousies inevitable among such an ill-assorted group, and having much to say of the incessant bickering between Sir Hudson Lowe and Napoleon. Curiously enough, Balmain himself never talked with Napoleon; all his observations came at second or even third hand. While Napoleon several times intimated to his household that Balmain would be welcome, the meeting could never be arranged due to Napoleon's intransigeant attitude towards his gaoler and the latter's insistence that only he should present the commissioner.

While Count Balmain's last act on the island was to marry the daughter of Sir Hudson Lowe, apparently this courtship of propinquity had had no effect on his judgment of his future father-in-law. He took him for an honest, much perplexed, tactless army officer whose imagination was "continually burdened with the responsibility that he carries and he spends his life doing, redoing, and undoing."

The volume is well translated, edited, and illustrated. In it appear the principal characters of the captivity—Lowe, O'Meara, Montholon, Bertrand, and the rest. Since the only other publication of these papers was in the French *Revue Bleue* twenty years ago, the present rendition in English will be welcomed as a valuable and desirable addition to Napoleonic literature.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOSEPH SCALIGER. With autobiographical selections from his letters, his testament, and the funeral orations by DANIEL HEINSIUS and DOMINICUS BAUDIUS. Translated into English for the first time with introduction and notes by George W. Robinson. Harvard University Press. 1927. $2.50.

"The first man of all time in every kind of letters and learning"—in such ratings the humanists were doubtless too confident; but their complacency was less than that of today, which says "Who was Joseph Scaliger?" What Leyden carried forward from Verona cannot be ignored in any history of criticism. This convenient and attractive volume of Harvard Translations should prove to many glib critics that humanism, besides being cardinally significant, is highly interesting.

ESSAYS IN HISTORY PRESENTED TO REGINALD LANE POOLE. Edited by H. W. C. DAVIS. Oxford University Press. 1927. $7.

This volume of studies, edited by the Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford, celebrates the seventieth birthday of an Oxford don who as editor, teacher, and writer has exerted a steady influence for sound historical scholarship during nearly half a century. The accompanying list of Dr. Poole's published works, though long, cannot represent adequately his wide and exact learning, nor can the fine, firm lines of his portrait fully reveal his generosity in placing that learning at the disposal of others. The twenty-six essays which make up the book deal for the most part with special topics of medieval history, treated in most instances with the aid of unprinted sources; many of them have themes like the exchequer, chronicles and documentary records, and matters of religious and literary history, allied to those which Dr. Poole has illuminated with his own sure touch. The most elaborate study is one by Professor Tout on "The Household of the Exchequer," the least specialized is a sensible discussion of "Historical Reviewing," by Dr. Poole's successor in the editorship of the *English Historical Review.* A subject of much controversial possibilities is "The Dispossessed Religious After the Suppression of the Monasteries," but it leads Mr. G. Baskerville to the temperate conclusion that "this is no story of wholesale flights oversea, still less of thumbscrews and priests' holes. It is just that of a great company of Englishmen and Englishwomen, faced suddenly with a great crisis in their lives, setting to work, grumbling and growling, to make the best of a bad business and to ensure their future by all the means available to them." This sounds almost like an echo of 1914—and after!

THE LIFE OF FRANCIS THOMPSON. By EVERARD MEYNELL. Scribners. 1927. $5.

In the last few months of his life Mr. Meynell revised and improved his "Life of Francis Thompson" which was first issued in England in 1913. The redaction is a much more satisfactory book. There is still

(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Books

Biography

(*Continued from preceding page*)

room, however, for a larger biography containing a rounded criticism of the poet's work. The intimacy between Thompson and the Meynell family (for which the lovers of the poet can never be sufficiently grateful) inevitably involves his first and, so far, best biographer. Meynell's very close knowledge of his father's protegé is not always an advantage. Indeed it is marvellous that he contrives to see Thompson with such comparatively impersonal eyes. But whatever biographers or critics may finally write to supersede this delicately written book will nevertheless owe Mr. Meynell a great debt.

Transition. By *Will Durant.* Simon & Schuster. $3.

Beethoven: The Search for Reality. By *W. J. Turner.* Doran. $6 net.

The Story of a Beautiful Duchess. By *Horace Bleackley.* Dodd, Mead. $3.50.

Franz Joseph. Edited by *Otto Ernst.* Stokes. $5.

The Diary of Lady Frederick Cavendish. Edited by *John Bailey.* Stokes.

Letters of a Loyalist Lady. Harvard.

John Macdonald. Harpers. $4.

Lord Byron's Helmet. By *Maud Howe Elliott.* Houghton Mifflin. $1.50.

Up the Years from Bloomsbury. By *George Arliss.* Little, Brown. $4 net.

The Log of a Cowboy. By *Andy Adams.* Houghton Mifflin. $2.

Drama

THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE. Two volumes. Houghton Mifflin. 1927. $3.

These two volumes of the works of the great precursor of Wycherley, Congreve, and Sheridan appear as Number VI in the series of The Percy Reprints whose General Editor is H. F. B. Brett-Smith, M.A. Mr. Brett-Smith has also been the special editor of this particular item, and has furnished introduction and notes. The volumes are pleasingly made, bound in this instance in smooth red boards, with gray dust-covers. They fit into a gray cardboard slip-case. They are to be recommended as an especially handy edition for the study.

ONE MORE RIVER: A Modern Comedy. By Ashley Dukes. Doran. 1927. $1.25.

Mr. Dukes's blank verse comedy is a slight, nonsensical, but entertaining *tour de force*, satirically dedicated to "the dramatists of the drawing-room." The action takes place today in a Wiltshire country house, actually a restored monastery which has been turned into

A home for the divorced.
A temporary home, a house of rest,
Between the nisi and the absolute.

The proprietress is herself awaiting her absolute decree. The rigid rules of the establishment are broken by the appearance of an angry husband to claim his wife. There is a series of mistaken identities and a final reconciliation. The humor throughout is thin although some of the situations are ingenious. "One More River" is a play that would probably act better than it reads. The author himself calls it a trifle. Yet it is by no means an unconsidered trifle. So much art to so little purpose seems wasted. Mr. Dukes is fiddling instead of playing the violin. But his blank verse is deliberately and deliciously ludicrous. Not many of the younger English playwrights can match his literary skill. It is time he gave us another "Man with a Load of Mischief." "One More River" is not an improvement on his earlier work.

Saturday's Children. By *Maxwell Anderson.* Longmans, Green. $2.

The Theatre. By *Stark Young.* Doran. $1.50.

The Art of Theatre-Going. By *John Drinkwater.* Houghton Mifflin. $3.

Fiction

THIS WAY UP. By Solita Solano. Putnam. 1927. $2.

A mushy-brained young American twice interrupts his liaison with a Spanish trollop: first when he marries and remains for the eternity of a month faithful to his wife; second, when he dies from heart-failure. All else is the frantic and futile effort to anticipate the whims of his Rosario. Thus runs the edifying fable of Miss Solano's third novel, "This Way Up." We should not resent a mouldy narrative so actively, however, if it were not tricked out in as luscious fustian as one could wish for one's enemy's book. In short, an execrable style and a wearisome narrative make this novel one to avoid.

THE SON OF THE GRAND EUNUCH. By Charles Pettit. Boni & Liveright. 1927. $3.

Nothing in the advertisements of this book tells us whether it is a translation from the French or the work of an American author. But we are told that it is a Chinese novel (does that mean a novel about China?) and also that "the closest comparison in method might be made with Voltaire's 'Candide,' Pierre Louy's 'Aphrodite,' and Anatole France's 'Penguin Island'." If a novel without wit, humorous only in its basic conception, without any satirical purpose in particular, certainly lacking any definite humanistic purpose, can be compared with "Candide" and "Penguin Island" (the reviewer has not read "Aphrodite") it is time for literary criticism to put out the light. There is a very good reason for the coarser details in Anatole France and Voltaire. They subserve a philosophic criticism of life. Mr. Pettit's coarseness subserves nothing but itself. But he manages his tale with considerable skill and to pretend that he is not entertaining would be ridiculous. All the less reason therefore for the pretence that his book has a philosophic basis, even a Chinese one. Actually it is a third rate novel of rather unclean character, interesting chiefly because of its exotic appeal and the author's apparently first-hand acquaintance with China.

GIDEON. By Inez Haynes Irwin. Harpers. 1927. $2.

Gideon is another of the little children of divorce. Caught between the upper and the nether millstones of an uncomprehended parental complexity, he finds his divergent loyalties beyond his control. Brought up in an atmosphere of gin and jazz, he has never been attracted to either nor to the sensation-seeking set with which his adored Bella (his mother) is constantly surrounded. This doll-like, irresponsible mother has left no doubt in Gideon's mind that his father was altogether in the wrong in the marital crisis which precipitated the divorce. Circumstances force the boy to spend a summer in his hitherto unknown father's home, a home of rare tranquillity and understanding presided over by a wife who is in every way the antithesis of Bella. The discovery of Gideon that there may be two sides to a story gives the author an opportunity for a study in adolescent psychology of which she makes the very most. The boy's slow mental processes, the meagerness of material upon which to base his conclusions, his reluctance to surrender the authoritarianism of youth, and the shock of finding deception where utter truth had seemed to be,—all this is so skilfully and so completely presented that the overemphasized contrast between the two homes and the artificiality of the dénouement may well be overlooked.

THE ROYAL CRAVATTS. By Lillian Rogers. Washburn. 1927. $2.50.

"The Royal Cravatts" are not neckties,—but a well-written novel dealing with the life in New York of a Jewish immigrant family named Kravitz. And when that is said almost everything is said. Lillian Rogers has selected for her study a group of characters varied and intrinsically interesting, she has motivated them convincingly, and yet, for one reader at least, they refuse to come alive. It is almost as if the author had dissected rather than analyzed them. The technical workmanship of the book is good; one knows from this first novel that Mrs. Rogers is a woman of wide reading and interests and that her work is the outcome of sympathetic observation. "The Royal Cravatts" is not to be classed with the enormous outpouring of trivial fiction whose titles flame from every book-stall; it has many of the underlying qualities of real literature, but it lacks verve and color.

THE MARRIAGE OF ANNE. By Concordia Merrel. Doran. 1927. $2.

This is a straightforward tale of the married life of a middle class young English couple which goes on the rocks because of lack of stamina on the masculine side. There is an eleventh hour happy ending which should be satisfactory to any one who has read that far. Several of the author's characters, although laboring under apparently hereditary sentimentality, are well done and amusing.

THE MONSOON-BIRD. By W. Kobold Knight. Crowell. 1927. $2.

Englishmen in India furnish the principal characters in "The Monsoon-Bird," English men and an English woman. Tea plantations far from civilization furnish the setting. The strain of the monotonous life, climate, fever, antagonistic temperaments, and illicit love tightens the net of circumstance about a story as old as the country in which it is laid and always as

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new as an author is able to make it. Mr. Knight relies on the dramatic qualities of the scene and situation for his newness and succeeds in producing a fairly true-to-type love-and-adventure tale.

TARBOE: THE STORY OF A LIFE. By GILBERT PARKER. Harpers. 1927. $2.

Frank Tarboe, the son of a French gentleman of dubious character and an Indian woman, both of whom died when their child was young, was bred up in the woods. By the time he was twenty he had saved eleven hundred dollars, the proceeds from the sale of pelts. With this sum he went to Cheyenne City, where he began his long and notorious career as a gambler. He lost but made it up in later years by huge winnings in Los Angeles, London, Monte Carlo, and elsewhere. Having known Tarboe for many years, for he is a living man, the author relates the checkered life-story of this man with much sympathy and understanding. Nevertheless, Sir Gilbert has written much more satisfactory novels.

THE REVOLT OF THE BIRDS. By MELVILLE DAVISSON POST. Appleton. 1927. $1:50.

Bennett, an adventurer long in the service of the Wu Fang Company, "the most notorious of all the Oriental companies trading in the China seas," recounts this story. To the interested interrogator who records his words, he tells of meeting, upon one of his dubious voyages, a drifting sampan, with a mysterious cloud-like mast. When the ship is overtaken, he finds an unconscious white man upon the rotting deck. The adventures which befel this man and the reasons for his being adrift in a derelict vessel make a fairly interesting tale of the China seas. Incidentally, one must read to the close to discover the significance of the title. If the reader can overlook the extraneous matter introduced before the story gets well under way, the monotonous repetition of one-sentence paragraphs, which frustrates rather than achieves the desired effect, and a few too highly rhetorical passages, a pleasant hour's diversion awaits him.

NOT FOR PUBLICATION. By CLARA SHARPE HOUGH. Century. 1927. $2.

The most interesting feature in this tale of marital discord is the vividness and accuracy with which its scenes of newspaper life are depicted. Dave Morley, a grind of forty, editor of the *Banner*, leading daily of an eastern Massachusetts city, though ten years married to Serena, still cherishes but two loves, his wife and his work. For Serena there is no other man than Dave, but when a handsome sweetheart of her girlhood turns up, she suspects for a while that the homely, prosaic Dave is not king. Dave resents the threat to his sovereignty, and retaliates by waxing amorous over a lady reporter. When Serena's former beau proves a blackguard by besmirching her name with scandal, conventional misunderstanding and squabbles threaten to wreck the wedded couple's sorely tried union. Their relations to each other, not very naturally, we fear, are led to the brink of absolute disruption, but in the end their imperishable love conquers, and as we part from them it is clear that they are again the same happy, devoted pair we met in Chapter I.

DANGEROUS BUSINESS. By EDWIN BALMER. Dodd, Mead. 1927. $2.

There is nothing particularly dangerous about the business that goes on here—that business being the competitive war waged for supremacy by several rival Chicago manufacturers in the struggle for top-notch customers—but as light fiction, with a serious underlying intention, the tale is distinctly readable. Mr. Balmer lays stress upon the factor of "entertaining" as sometimes assuming an all-powerful significance in determining the success or failure of strictly mercantile transactions between men of reputable financial standing. That the use of such methods to bring home the bacon can be overplayed to the sorrow and discredit of those innocently involved is demonstrated by young Jay Rountree, Harvard lad, fine fellow, and son of a Chicago magnate. Because he chivalrously marries a New York society girl who has been stung by a snake in the grass, Jay returns to Chicago under a cloud of malignant gossip, incurs the paternal wrath, and has forced upon him the necessity of at once showing the stuff of a go-getter in his father's employ. One of the firm's feminine office workers secretly dotes upon the ill-treated boy, and it is largely through her persevering efforts that Jay secures the coveted contracts which save the family fortunes.

THEY ALSO SERVE. By PETER B. KYNE. With Decorations by Paul Brown. Cosmopolitan. 1927. $2.

We had long assumed that every conceivable viewpoint from which to tell a war story had been used, but Mr. Kyne seems to have dug up a new one by making the narrator of this tale a horse. The animal participant in the late conflict is an A. E. F. artillery officer's mount, the blue-blooded property of Ern Givens, his loving cowboy master. When war is declared, Ern enlists at Camp Doniphan, Okla., choosing to serve in the artillery so that, by lending his horse, "Professor," to a battery officer, he may not be separated from his four-footed pal. On the completion of his training period, Professor, with his three dearest buddies, Ern, Pat Rogan, a veteran sergeant, and Tip, an old army mule, reach France, the survivors of a torpedoed transport, accounted in the records among the missing. The fortunes of war scatter the comrades during their adventures at the front, and they are not reunited until several years later, at the home of Ern's friend, the battery officer. Professor relates all this with graphic details, as if his mentality were that of a human being, to an admiring couple of his kind far younger than he, but endowed with wits of kindred sagacity. Ingenious though the tale is, there are portions of it written with genuine skill, and the book as a whole is infinitely better reading than its early pages portend.

(*Continued on page* 223)

Important New Scribner Books

COW COUNTRY

By Will James

This new book by the author of "Smoky" is of the character of those with which he first became noted—"Cowboys, North and South" and "The Drifting Cowboy"—although more like the second, since it contains stories, or pieces as Will James calls them. Its pages are full of sentiment and laughter and of the genuine cowboy and the real horse and "critter."

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A new book of poems, the first volume since 1922 by a poet whose name needs no introduction to American readers, and of whom the New York Times said, "In the possession of the true ecstasy he stands unique among the poets of today." The new volume includes the Phi Beta Kappa poem for 1927, delivered at Harvard University in June of this year. $2.00

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Books of the Fall

(*Continued from page 216*)

Addington Bruce's "Your Growing Child" (Funk & Wagnalls).

We are leading now, as you may have discovered, by way of education to philosophy and science. In the former field a number of books will at once attract the attention of the reader who does more than dabble in the realm of ideas. Bertrand Russell's "Philosophy" (Norton), needs no further recommendation than the name of its author to testify to its interest, and the same may be said of George Santayana's "The Realm of Essence" (Scribners), of Alfred N. Whitehead's "Symbolism, Its Meaning and Effect" (Macmillan), and R. F. Alfred Hoernle's "Idealism as a Philosophy" (Doran). Mrs. Bertrand Russell, in "The Right to be Happy" (Harpers), writes in a vein that is suited for popular consumption, if by popular consumption is meant the reading of intelligent though not scientifically trained minds. Of rather more difficult character than her book are A. d'Abro's "The Evolution of Scientific Thought" (Boni & Liveright), "The Scientific Habit of Thought" (Columbia University Press), by Frederick Barry, "Mind and Body" (Dial), by Hans Driesch, Frederick J. Powicke's "The Cambridge Platonists" (Harvard University Press), and "Gestalt Philosophy" (Boni & Liveright), by Wolfgang Köhler. Also of importance are Paul Radin's "Primitive Man as Philosopher" (Appleton), and John Murphy's study of his psychology in relation to religion in his "Primitive Man" (Oxford University Press). Aimed at a far less advanced audience is H. A. Overstreet's "A Book about Ourselves" (Norton).

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The realm of science has also a number of significant volumes to show. In "The Analysis of Matter" (Harcourt, Brace), Bertrand Russell the physicist, instead of Bertrand Russell the philosopher, speaks, while in "The New Reformation" (Scribners), Michael Pupin, one of the men whose adaptation of sicentific principles to practical inventions has brought him wide fame, discusses the revelations of science. "The Story of Chemistry" (Bobbs-Merrill), by Floyd L. Darrow, "The Story of Geology" (Cosmopolitan), by Allan L. Benson, "The Triumphs of Medicine" (Doubleday, Page), by H. S. Hartzog, Jr., "Living Machinery" (Harcourt, Brace), by A. V. Hill, "The Life of the White Ant" (Dodd, Mead), by Maurice Maeterlinck, a fascinating study by the author of a book on the bee that has held the enthralled attention of thousands, and Logan Clendening's "The Human Body" (Knopf), are all books meant for the general reader.

Scientific books that have a sociological slant have a numerous and excellent representation. In "The Builders of America" (Morrow), Ellsworth Huntington and Leon F. Whitney pass under consideration the various problems, political, economic, and social that confront the United States as a result of the differing birthrates of the various elements that constitute it. Edward Allsworth Ross's "Standing Room Only" (Century), Henry Pratt Fairchild's "Foundations of Social Life" (Washburn), Constantine Panunzio's "Immigration Crossroads" (Macmillan), all deal with questions of population and adjustment to environment. A book of large importance in the field of social science is Griffith Taylor's "Environment and Race" (Oxford University Press), and likewise noteworthy are Edward M. East's "Heredity and Human Affairs" (Scribners), Pitirim Sorokin's "Contemporary Social Theory" (Harpers), and Friedrich von Wieser's "Social Economics" (Greenberg). Two books that should find a ready welcome from the intelligent general reader are Albert E. Wiggam's "The Next Age of Man" (Bobbs-Merrill), and Michael F. Guyer's "Being Well-Born" (Bobbs-Merrill).

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Turning from science and sociology to economics we find in this latter domain Rexford Guy Tugwell's "Industry's Coming of Age" (Harcourt, Brace), the third volume of G. D. H. Cole's "A Short History of the British Working-Class Movement" (Macmillan), and Fabian Franklin's "The A B C of Prohibition" (Harcourt, Brace), which while not a study in economics gains weight from being the argument of an economist trained to rigorous thinking. J. McMillan Brown's "Peoples and Problems of the Pacific" (Sears), and the study of "Immigrant Backgrounds" (Wiley), by Henry Pratt Fairchild and others, despite their economic bearing fall rather into the class of sociological works we were enumerating before than into a list of volumes on economic conditions.

The dustiest of economists at times would go awandering, and for his delectation as well as for his less serious brother are to be found a number of books which may be regarded as guidebooks to foreign scenes or as a vicarious means of visiting them if one chooses. If you believe that observation like charity begins at home, and *if you are an inhabitant of New York*, you can begin your travel reading with "Highlights of Manhattan" (Century), by Will Irwin and E. H. Suydam, and follow it up with Stephen Graham's "New York Nights" (Doran). If, on the other hand, you want to roam far afield in fancy take James F. Ley's "After You, Magellan!" (Century), Dan Streeter's "Camels!" (Putnam), Stella Court Street's "Cape to Cairo" (Little, Brown), "Indian Journey" (A. & C. Boni), by Waldemar Bonsels, Madeleine Vernon's "Sands, Palms, and Minarets" (Stokes), and "Cleared for Strange Ports" (Scribners), by Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Sr., Mrs. Kermit Roosevelt, Richard Derby, and Kermit Roosevelt—take these books and you will be transported to lands of picturesqueness and customs bizarre to the Western eye. And whatever else you read in the way of travel sketches to sure to get William B. Seabrook's "Adventures in Arabia" (Harcourt, Brace), a narrative that is full of spice and flavor, written in delightful and limpid manner. If your taste is for hardship rather than ease the book for you is Donald B. Macmillan's "Etah and Beyond" (Houghton Mifflin), a record of Arctic experiences. But if you wish in your mind's eye to see European lands you can do so through the medium of Emile F. Williams's "Undiscovered France" (Houghton Mifflin), Camille Mauclair's "Florence" (Houghton Mifflin), a book that has real literary quality and the emphasis of which, since its author is an art critic, is thrown on the great treasures of painting and sculpture in the Tuscan city; Robert Medill McBride's "Towns of Destiny" (McBride). In Harold Speakman's "Mostly Mississippi" (Dodd, Mead), and Lewis R. Freeman's "Waterways of Westward Wandering" (Dodd, Mead) the greatest river of the United States is depicted in its meanderings and its history, while great, if lesser streams, also find description. Apropos of these two books their publishers have an interesting tale to tell of how the authors, commissioned to travel the length of the watercourses they were to write upon, came head on each other one afternoon, their tiny canoes afloat in the wilderness the only objects in the landscape, and each carrying a literary man who was flabbergasted to learn that the stranger he had thus encountered was bent upon an identical mission with himself. With their books might also be read Lyle Saxon's "Father Mississippi" (Century), an account of the river and its history.

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And now having left travel behind us, we come at last to fiction, the field of writing that undoubtedly holds the greatest interest for the greatest number. Even the fastidious and exacting novel reader, however, will find in the output of the season a number of tales that should prove of high interest to him. For he can make choice (if choice he must make when he should read several of the following works if he can) from among such excellent stories as C. E. Montague's "Right Off the Map" (Doubleday, Page), a satire on the manner in which nations are carried into war, written with flashing wit, keen understanding, and a high moral fervor that lifts tke tale to permanence. Mr. Montague has a style that beautifully carries a story replete with lively incident, shot through with feeling, and rendered poignant by its characters. His publishers, Doubleday, Page, have followed up their introduction two years ago of one of the most noteworthy of the younger English writers, Margaret Kennedy, with a new novel from her pen, "Red Sky at Morning" which, while it may lack something of the fresh originality of "The Constant Nymph," reveals a maturing art that has advanced beyond the achievements of the former book in the handling of plot and articulation of incident. Opening upon a novel situation, "Red Sky at Morning" advances through an always interesting succession of situations to an inevitable and powerfully produced conclusion. If Miss Kennedy uses the English language with striking felicity, H. M. Tomlinson uses it as few people writing to-day succeed in doing even at the happiest moments. His "Gallions Reach" (Harpers), a tale of the sea and the jungle, is supremely well written, and is moreover a romance rich in implication and stirring in its reflection of the mind that conceived it. It is a book that has beauty of thought and expression.

⁂

Familiar names appear upon the current fiction list. Willa Cather has a new novel, "Death Comes for the Archbishop" (Knopf), which while rather a historical sketch than fiction, has the charm and delicacy of romance if not its traditional incident. May Sinclair has published a novelette, "The History of Anthony Waring" (Macmillan), and H. G. Wells has again set forth his social and political philosophy in a story that by liveliness of dialogue and character interest carries its didacticism easily along. He has actually had the courage to introduce into the narrative of "Meanwhile" (Doran) some twenty or thirty pages descriptive of last year's general strike in England that read like a transcript from the daily press. Being Wells, he can mingle realism, idealism, and propaganda and still emerge triumphant. Cabell, too, remains Cabell. He has just issued his latest novel, "Something About Eve" (McBride), and once again he has published a book that will set literary tongues to wagging. Booth Tarkington's popular trio of novels, constituting a saga of the Middle West, have now been issued in one volume under the title "Growth"

(*Continued on page 228*)

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from page 221*)

THE QUEEN'S GATE MYSTERY. By HERBERT ADAMS. Lippincott. 1927. $2.

When the body of Gregory Bruden, a ne'er-do-well, is found murdered in an old, long unoccupied London house, his barrister friend, Jimmy Haswell, is possessed of a letter from the dead man which he believes is a clue to the mystery's solution. The missive asks in thinly veiled terms for information on the laws governing recovered treasure trove, from which Jimmy shrewdly reasons that this booty is perhaps hidden in the house where Gregory was slain. The fact that others besides the deecased have scented the treasure is made apparent by several immediate, persistent offers to buy the house of the crime. How Bruden came to his end and where the treasure lies concealed Jimmy discovers in a fashion which should not arouse the envy of Scotland Yard.

LOVER'S STAFF. By SIBELL VANSITTART. Macmillan. 1927. $2.

As a serious depiction of English gentlefolk in the post-war era, this novel is well wrought and interesting, but its earlier portion is damaged by the author's precipitous attempt to introduce the numerous group of major characters simultaneously. The tale begins with the funeral of old Harriet Bowring, sister of the tyrannous Sir John Bowring, a "Lloyd-Georgian" baronet, the obsequies being attended by all the deceased's many kinspeople and friends. There are Sir John's two daughters-in-law, war widows in their forties, the two unattractive, unwed daughters of the elder woman, and Nancy (our heroine), eighteen, full of life, a perfect beauty, only child of the younger, the immensely rich, neighboring Standishes, Cosmo, nerve torn war sufferer, in love with Nancy, his spinster sister Margaret, and another war victim, Nancy's sweetheart, an ex-curate turned golf club secretary. Nancy is portrayed as a prankishly innocent, convention-breaking lass in perpetual conflict with her relatives, all of whom, except her mother, are bitterly hostile. After bearing cruel tribulations, the girl eventually attains happiness as the rejuvenated Cosmo's wife. Most of the characters are distinctly drawn and plausible creations, but alas, Nancy, the figure relied upon to command one's sympathy and admiration, succeeds only in arousing this reader's impatience.

UPLANDS. By MARY ELLEN CHASE. Little, Brown. An Atlantic Monthly Press Publication. 1927. $2.

Those who care for Maine should find considerable pleasure in this novel, entirely aside from the story. Miss Chase is continuously sensitive to the appearance of the countryside, the vagaries of the weather, and, best of all, to the hard, tight characters of the natives. It is that rigidity, bred through years of hardships, that is the keynote of the plot. We see a young couple start out on their married life with gay courage in the face of common dangers and of unusual obstacles; we know they will fail, but we do not know how soon. The incidents are as tragic as those of Thomas Hardy, with never a suspicion of inappropriate softness or sentimentality. By implication, Miss Chase passes judgment upon the different organizations that attempt to deliver religious consolation to the emotionally starved farmers as well as to the people of the small towns, and be it said to her credit that we see only with difficulty where her sympathies lie—whether with Protestant or Roman Catholic. Taken as a whole, "Uplands" is an honest narrative, quietly forceful in its presentation of rural disappointments.

BUGLES IN THE NIGHT. By BARRY BENEFIELD. New York: the Century Company. 1927. $2.

Mr. Benefield writes his short stories for one public, his novels for another; and a reviewer who is a whirling-tornado electric fan for the short stories may possibly fall short in appreciation of the novels. If you like whimsicality, sentiment, and so on, "Bugles in the Night" is your meat. Ex-Private Easley Wheatley, C. S. A., who ran away from the Soldiers' Home to save Alice Kibbe from a fate worse than death, is a gallant old hero—rather in a literary tradition, but in a good one. So are all the other characters with whom Easley Wheatley and Alice Kibbe presently become acquainted on a Brooklyn ash dump—Mrs. Felicia Bullwinkle and Wullie Farquharson and Mrs. Grackle and the rest. As their names suggest, they are products of the school of Charles Dickens. Sheraton chairs are good to look at, even if they are manufactured by Gratz & Terwilliger at Stamford, Connecticut, when Sheraton has been dead a hundred years; and there is no reason why Dickens' stories should not go on being written after Dickens is dead, provided the trade mark is in such competent hands as Mr. Benefield's. Dickens would perhaps have made more out of the amnesiac Mr. B. X. Badenau, who comes in to provide the story with a plot; but he does well enough. Only, the reader of this age, when vice-presidents of trust companies are as the sands of the sea for multitude, should remember that this story is dated back to 1903, where such a person might well have the opulence and rarity that would qualify him as a fairy prince.

If you like the milder Dickens you will like this; and Mr. Benefield has further contributed some excellent pictures of New York scenes and New York life in regions, and in strata of society, not commonly touched upon by novelists.

SHADOW RIVER. By WALTON HALL SMITH. Houghton Mifflin. 1927. $2.

In "Shadow River" the government of the Belgian Congo is the villain, and a thoroughly rascal-ridden administration it is made out to be. The particular bit of brutality with which this novel concerns itself is caused by the attempt of government agents—in underhanded competition with a decent but inexperienced young American hunter—to trace and kill for its museum value a quasi-legendary elephant, Londelengi by name, an elephant of such heroic proportions, so terrifying and so inexplicable, that the pygmies of the jungle had made him their god. There is an endless traversing of swamps, rivers, and lakes, a racking accumulation of tropical horrors, and above all, a vast miscellany of information about elephants and elephant hunting. At the end of the narrative a gratuitous addition of sentiment provides the only false note. But the novel is extremely vivid and plausible, probably because of the great amount of detail that gives reality to the unfamiliar. It will once more open the eyes of city dwellers and armchair travelers to the seductive danger of the tropics and make them wonder whether sometime they may not see this strangeness for themselves.

COGNAC HILL. By CHARLES DIVINE. Payson & Clarke. 1927. $2.50.

The subterfuges employed by Mr. Divine to distinguish his novel from other recent war novels are not wholly successful. True, his soldiers never get to war at all; their talk is natural, trivial, and as disordered as their lives; the curious atmosphere of suspense, hope, fear, and hysteria characteristic of war in general and base camps in particular, is continuously present. But the whole scheme of his story is insufficiently animated with the breath of true characterization. There seems to be no point, or at least no point that has not previously been made, in this reflection of life back of the lines. It is authentic enough and colorful enough to be readable, but it is certainly not important enough to be memorable. Mr. Divine has, in effect, given us his impressions of the war. This is what he saw, fairly reported; this is the way his fellow artisans of battle behaved. One can only conclude that Mr. Divine did not really find the war very interesting—circumstances, perhaps, are to be blamed for this, rather than Mr. Divine.

THE ANATOMY OF VIRTUE. By VINCENT SHEEAN. Century. 1927. $2.

This literal minded generation should be warned that despite the highly anatomical portrait of a lady on jacket and cover, there is nothing in this book about either anatomy or virtue. With old-fashioned reticence Mr. Sheean leaves the anatomy and physiology of his characters to inference; and what his heroine regards as virtue is apt to seem to the impartial reader no more than a vast misapprehension.

Judith Quayle, very young, very innocent, and very rich, is married off to the handsome, amiable, and stupid Duke of Leftwich, who has come to New York fortune-hunting. When she discovers that his pre-martial infidelities are going right on she decides that she no longer loves him, elects to be a wife in name only, and devotes the rest of her life to her infant son, whom she manages to afflict with an Oedipus complex, and to the maintenance and glorification of the ancient ideals of the British governing class, which have notoriously been pretty much thrown overboard of late years, especially by the British governing class. What God abandoned she defended, at the cost of everything else she ever wanted, and professed herself happy at the finish.

Possibly she was; but this happiness does not communicate itself to the reader, who is not likely to find the theme worthy of Mr. Vincent Sheean's unusual gifts. You may not think that a three-hundred-page survey of the social history of England since 1899 is worth doing, but you must grant that it is excellently done. Mr. Sheean has a feeling for character and an ability to reproduce it, salient and individual as life or indeed rather more so, in a dozen lines; again and again he assembles a group of rapidly but admirably sketched figures and then lets them go away without doing anything. Add to this a talent for light, plausible, and immensely amusing conversation, which he indulges far too rarely, and a keen perception of faults and virtues in classes and groups as well as in individuals, and you have about all the panoply of a really excellent novelist—except something to say. One can only wish that a dozen or so of our muddily earnest writers who fumble and stumble over the most important themes in the world could be induced to let Mr. Sheean write their novels for them.

LOVE IN THESE DAYS. By ALEC WAUGH. Doran. 1927. $2.50.

Alec Waugh, in common with many not inconsiderable writers of the moment, is seriously perturbed about the state of love in these days. People are too indiscriminate in their relationships, too material, too often careless of another's happiness. The charges have been often made, and often answered, but they still provide an excellent thesis for a novel. Only one of the women in Mr. Waugh's book is really able to refute them, and she manages to cause an immense amount of pain and trouble both for herself and for others before she has sacrificed herself to her lover's happiness.

Meanwhile a competent picture of morals in what might be termed the lesser cocktail crowd of London has been provided. Mr. Waugh's people are less brilliant than Mr. Arlen's and Mr. Nichols's. They do less exotic things, and though they frequent the same restaurants and night clubs but one man in this book boasts a title—and that is a minor one. However, they suf-

(*Continued on next page*)

The spirit of the world
Beholding the absurdity of men—
Their vaunts, their feats—let
a sardonic smile
For one short moment wander o'er his lips.
That smile was Heine!

—MATTHEW ARNOLD

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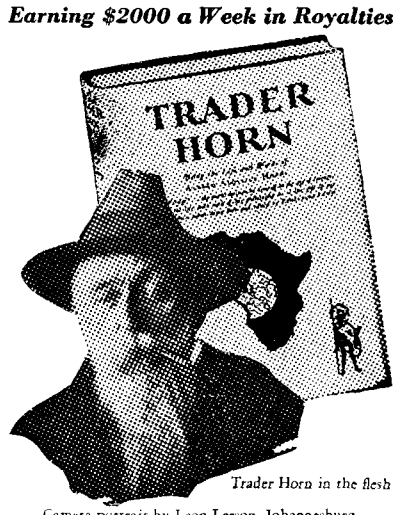

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

fer far more, and one suspects that in the comparatively unreal category to which the writings of all three must be relegated, they are the most nearly real. The central intrigue, the devotion of Graham Moreton to Gwen Lawrence in spite of his encouragement to Joan Faversham, is strongly presented and excellently worked out, while the accompanying lesser affairs serve as a commentary. There are some keen character bits, and the general air of sure technique and purpose in telling the story more than atones for the absence of any special originality.

DELIA DEMONSTRATES. By BERTON BRALEY. Century. 1927. $2.

What Delia demonstrates is principally the enormous will-to-believe-power some fiction readers must be blessed with. It is doubtful if eighteen chapters in every one of which the heroine gives a complete demonstration of infallibility were ever before gathered together between the two covers of a book. Delia fairly out-Olivers Optic at his own game of forging ahead, only she is an altruistic little forger and gives most of her time and talents to the advancement of other people and civic uplift work. In the book Delia demonstrates Filigree Biscuit ("as delicate and dainty as confection, as sustaining as a beefsteak") in any number of towns and in each she becomes a public benefactor almost over night. In one she stays at a run-down hotel; next morning while demonstrating her biscuits with one hand, with the other she is able to get the town council to arrange a loan and to fix up a few other legal matters; the hotel immediately becomes famous throughout the state.

In another city it takes her only a few days to have the entire street-car system remodelled for the convenience of young mothers. Attending a ball game in a town where the local team has been losing steadily for four years, she succeeds by a little *esprit de corps* talk in getting the citizens and newspapers behind the team—and guess who wins? After a short talk with Delia the editor of a new daily paper begins a muckraking campaign against the monied interests of his city and instantly his circulation booms. She saves young men from drunkenness and young girls from traveling men, she charms college freshmen and Back Bay Bostonians; in the day-time she is all trig and trim in her tailor-mades, but at night she melts into soft curves in her evening clothes. She never bothers with expense accounts,—just writes in to the head office and says casually, "I've spent that five hundred, please send some more to my next stop." And this is a demonstrator in a national biscuit company! Can words say more?

IN THE BEGINNING. By ALAN SULLIVAN. Dutton. 1927. $2.

This is a weird story laid in a segregated part of South Africa where the evolutionary clock stopped at the Pleistocene age of development. News of this anachronistic marvel reaches a famous London paleontologist, and he arranges an expedition of investigation. His party consists of himself, his daughter, her two suitors, and a servant, the only living human beings who know of the existence of the spot they seek. The perilous adventures of this tiny party when they meet the sabre-tooth tiger, the glyptodent, the mastodon, the toxodent, and finally the hairy, clucking Pleistocene man himself, are thrilling enough, but the climax in tenseness is reached when one of the two suitors answers the call of the wild and deserts to the Pleistocene ranks, carrying his firearms with him. The descriptions of Pleistocene flora and fauna are minute and presumably authentic, for Mr. Sullivan writes with apparent authority, but most readers will be more appreciative of the picturesqueness of the details than of their accuracy.

MORE THAN WIFE. By MARGARET WIDDEMER. Harcourt, Brace. 1927. $2.

This tale returns to the wife-career controversy which so agitated the readers and writers of fiction a few seasons ago. Miss Widdemer's heroine, Silvia Hawthorne, is a cameo-cut blonde whom no one would suspect of desiring any career other than marriage with a man she loved and the production of one or two charming miniature cameos. The characters in the book find her ambitions hard to believe, and the reader shares their skepticism. Silvia has what might be designated as a domination complex. In her fear of having a husband dominate her, she refuses the man she loves and engages herself to one she cares nothing about because it is quite clear that he could never dominate any one. This proves, however, to be merely a pre-war skirmish, since the loved one returns and does dominate Silvia sufficiently to make her marry him. Then the trouble begins, for Silvia develops an enormous, and not entirely convincing, blind spot toward all her husband's interests and activities. This naturally brings the marriage to the brink of disaster. It won't be giving away any great secret to admit that things are finally arranged so that Silvia can remain wedded, undominated and undominating. The novel is evidently designed to pass the time rather than to improve the conjugal status of wives, and pass the time it very gracefully does.

THE KING OF ALSANDER. By JAMES ELROY FLECKER. Knopf. 1927. $2.50.

"The King of Alsander" appeared in England in 1913, two years before Flecker died. It is perhaps the least important of his works if only because it is the least serious. Conceived in a wildly romantic mood, partly as a social satire, partly as propaganda for his own reaction against the tame poetry of the time, and again partly as a protest against the then prevailing character of the romantic novel, he wrote without the chastening influence which, in his verse, and frequently in his plays, blends his high colors into a bright but harmonious whole. In short, though eminently readable, his high-spirited romance is coarse in its texture. Moreover the author rides the high horse of poetry a little too self-consciously. He writes enthusiastically, without humor. The story itself is not unlike "The Prisoner of Zenda" reproduced by some three-color process of the raw poetic imagination. But it lacks nothing of excitement and action. In spite of a sometimes stilted dialogue and some passages of distinctly awkward lovemaking the reader is compelled to finish the book at a sitting. Those who admire Flecker for the fine poet he was will be doubly interested in "The King of Alsander." It helps to explain him.

PURSE STRINGS. By EDITH M. STERN. Boni & Liveright. 1927. $2.

As a first novel this story is notable for technical proficiency, for the compactness of its structure, for the ease and naturalness with which the author guides the predominant issues of her theme. Briefly, it is the study of a weak, sensitive man's slow disintegration under the combined influences of hostile people and his own repeated failures. In 1899 Stanley Jackson, an esthetic young idler, a rebel against convention, a dependent upon his rich father's bounty, marries into the strait-laced, middle-class, New York family of Martin, whose breeding, intelligence, and social station are far below his. They are the forbidding products of late Victorianism, numbering prim, uncouth Mama, her prospering, ambitious son David, Hannah, her married elder daughter, and Ella, the youngest, Stanley's wife. The snobbish, wasteful Stanley has never worked and knows nothing of how to gain a living, but now, his father's support withdrawn, he is forced reluctantly to enter business.

Three profitless ventures in succession on which he embarks exhaust his frail health, his peace of mind, his feeble capacity to persevere, besides the heavily burdened tolerance of his wife's people. Mama, however, still clings loyally to the luckless couple, and supports them uncomplainingly, while Stanley, his inborn softness transcendent, sinks to the supine impotence of a passive invalid. The years drag on; he is in his late forties, now the victim of hypochrondria, more helpless and inactive than ever. Patient, dull-witted Mama dies, leaving Ella an annuity, and then, without the irony being over-stressed, Stanley's father also passes, bequeathing to him $50,000 a year! The story is a solid example of competent literary craftsmanship; smoothly paced, restrained, plausible in movement, keenly lifelike in characterization, it should delight those who appreciate the intrinsic worth and rarity of such qualities.

GRAY SHEEP. By DILLWYN PARRISH. Harper. 1927. $2.

In the present stream of garish fiction which depends upon sensations and wise cracks for its market value, "Gray Sheep" comes as a pleasant relief. It is unmistakably sincere. Dillwyn Parrish writes out of his experience and curiosity, but the two are not always so fused as to produce art. As vital as sincerity is, there are other qualities essential to the novel, and many of these "Gray Sheep" lacks. It falls now and then into the didactic, forces its conclusions home a little too strenuously, and occasionally sacrifices character to type. The story is based on a triangle but a triangle with none of the usual angles. This one consists of a father, a son, and the world. The father, the Reverend Frederick Rain, is an Episcopal clergyman, and his metamorphosis from the young minister in his first parish to the complete hypocrite of his final sermon is most adroitly presented: the young Fred has in him all the seeds of the eventual Frederick but he has, too, youth and enthusiasm,—evanescent qualities which lead him to paint his oak-grained bathroom shining white, to singe his wings in passion for the lovely, forbidden Tannis, and which create in him the charm that draws Helen Warren to him; years work their ugly way with him, pruning the adventurous and strengthening the negative impulses until the last piteous attempt at honesty—and the safe way out. John Rain is the son, and his eager, sympathetic nature, inherited from his mother, is whip-lashed from disgust at his widowed father's heart-to-heart admonitions to revolt at his autocratic strictures until his own futile and tragic end is inevitable. The world is the world of the war, a little before and a little after.

DRUMS OF PANIC. By MARTIN FEINSTEIN. New York: Macy-Masius. 1927. $2.

This book beats a new tattoo, a mad tattoo, and a tattoo that appears to be particularly distasteful to the critics who have thus far expressed themselves on the subject. They say that such things do not happen in this sweet and pleasant land. One recalls that once upon a time there were debates as to whether so much murder, lust, and suicide could have occurred in Spoon River. Once, too, the amount of female insanity North of Boston was held to be inconsistent with the alienation statistics for that section. As a matter of fact the things which happen in "Drums of Panic" are only as exaggerated and unbelievable as the things which happen in the headlines of our daily papers.

While probably no one would contend that "Drums of Panic" is a great book or that it is in any way a contribution to realism in literature, it clearly does deserve a reading for its promise if not for its achievement, for its attempt at catching a supernormal lifeplane even if it does drop more often than one could wish into the ridiculous. There are too many out-and-out bad books and too few really good ones appearing to justify a contemptuous dismissal of Mr. Feinstein's novel.

But it is not the plot of "Drums of Panic" which has aroused the greatest antagonism; it is the author's method of treating his plot. He has adopted the technique known to us chiefly through the work of Capek, Balint, and Werfel. This European method, rapid, brilliant, mechanical, seems artifical when applied to the low-geared life of the American farmer. Yet Mr. Feinstein has somehow managed to draw all his commonplace characters up and out of their natural orbits into an unreal atmosphere where they become strangely alike and unmotivated. Here in this hinterland of rationality, contradicting all factual probability, they assume a reality of their own, and become grotesqueries whose springs of action must be sought in the psychological condition which gave them being. Had Mr. Feinstein succeeded completely in casting his witches' spell, "Drums of Panic" would have been a remarkable book. As it is, the web of illusion breaks too often, one has time to weigh the evidence, and the verdict is usually adverse.

There are passages of clear verbal beauty in the book, there are paragraphs of glowing sensuous description; there are also awkward sentences and effects overdone. It is a mottled book, irritating in the extreme. The characters *are* mad, the author *seems* mad, and the reader *feels* mad.

DAPHNE'S IN LOVE. By NEGLEY FARSON. Century. 1927. $2.

Now that chemists have taken to putting poison in bottles of distinctive shape or roughness, anyone who gets up in the night and swallows a dose that starts him on a non-stop flight to the bourne from which no traveler returneth has only himself to blame. Similarly, it might be argued that anyone who buys a book called "Daphne's in Love" deserves all he gets. Yet the title is misleading, for it suggests moonlight and apple blossoms and sweet young things, whereas the book is precisely anything but! It concerns itself with Daphne's adventures among wild men, not of Borneo. Gin flows freely and the nocturnal embrace is omnipresent. Daphne seems to spend one-half her time pressing her "soft body" and "young lips" against male automobile-companions, and the other half crying, "You—beast," "You—brute," because the rough creatures have attempted

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liberties with her. She has a very high ideal of love, but no one ever finds out what it is, least of all the reader. Through three-fourths of the book she is almost embarrassingly in love with one man but at the end she does a quick change act in time to marry the one who hasn't a bed-ridden wife.

THE IMAGE IN THE PATH. By *Grenville Vernon*. Dial. $2.50.

HERE WE RIDE. By *Anthony Bertram*. Doran. $2.50.

TOPSY TURVY. By *Vernon Bartlett*. Houghton Mifflin. $3.

THE MIRACLE BOY. By *Louis Golding*. Knopf. $2.50.

MOVE OVER. By *E. Pettit*. Sears. $2.50.

HARDIGAN'S HOLLOW. By *J. S. Fletcher*. Doran. $2 net.

ANTIC HAY. By Aldous Huxley. Doran. $2.50 net.

AN UNMARRIED FATHER. By *Floyd Dell*. Doran. $2 net.

THE MAD CAREWS. By *Martha Ostenso*. Dodd, Mead. $2.50.

KONG. By *Harold Kingsley*. Dodd, Mead. $2.50.

DANGEROUS BUSINESS. By *Edwin Balmer*. Dodd, Mead. $2.

HUBBLE, BUBBLE. By *Margaret Bell*. Dodd, Mead. $2.50.

YELLOW GENTIANS AND BLUE. By *Zona Gale*. Appleton. $2.

SIMPLE STORIES. By *Archibald Marshall*. Harpers. $2.

THE SECRET OF FATHER BROWN. By *Gilbert K. Chesterton*. Harpers. $2.50.

THE LORDLY ONES. By *B. H. Lehman*. Harpers. $2.

STORIES. By *Wilbur Daniel Steele*. Harpers. $2.50.

DIRT ROADS. By *Howard Snyder*. Century. $2.

COW COUNTRY. By *Will James*. Scribners. $3.50.

THE SINS OF THE FATHERS. By *Felix Hollaender*. Payson & Clarke. $2.50.

IN A YUN-NAN COURTYARD. By *Louise Jordan Milne*. Stokes. $2.

RED ROCK. By *Thomas Nelson Page*. Scribners. $2.50.

BACK FIRE. By *Lola Jean Simpson*. Macmillan. $2.50.

HUGH LOYAL. By *T. R. Elliott*. Macmillan. $2.

THE DANCING SILHOUETTE. By *Nathalia Sumner Lincoln*. Appleton. $2.

TWENTY-SIX MYSTERY STORIES. Edited by *Ernest Rhys* and *C. A. Dawson-Scott*. Appleton. $2.50.

THE PLEASANT WAYS OF ST. MEDARD. By *Grace King*. Macmillan.

THE MASTER MIND. By *Cleveland Moffett*. Appleton. $2.

THE NUPITALS OF CORBAL. By *Rafael Sabatini*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

THE LONESOME ROAD. By *Lucy Furman*. Little, Brown. $2.

THE TALISMAN. By *Sir Walter Scott*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.

CAPTAIN BLOOD. By *Rafael Sabatini*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.

Juvenile

MICHAEL STROGOFF. By JULES VERNE. Scribners. 1927. $2.50.

This is the latest addition to Scribner's $2.50 series of illustrated classics for younger readers. The famous Verne story concerning the Courier of the Czar is strikingly illustrated in color by N. C. Wyeth. Besides the cover illustration there are nine others and the title-page and end-papers are of Wyeth's design. This is a sumptuous volume and a fine large-paper presentation of a romantic classic.

CLEVER BILL. By ELY WILLIAMS NICHOLSON. Doubleday, Page. 1927. $1.

This is the story of a wooden soldier who was left out of a little girl's suitcase, told in pictures like a larger, more sophisticated "Peter Rabbit." The pictures are very attractive, done in a new color-process. The captions to them are done in imitation of handwriting, which seems a wasted opportunity, for if they had been in good clean print many a child just learning to read would have been glad to puzzle them out for himself, while these we fear will have to be read aloud to him. So read, however, we think he and she will enjoy them hugely.

THE HAPPY HOUR BOOKS. Macmillan. 1927. 50 cents each.

If aunts still are aunts—breathes there an aunt with soul so ossified who will not eagerly and gratefully turn to the Happy Hour Books for help in her time-honored occupation of leading rapt three-year-olds out of every day into a country far off and wonderful? It is the same old marvelous land where the bad come to bad ends, the witches roast in their own ovens, the giants are caught in their own coils, and the wicked stepmothers in the end fume and fail. The adventures of that little host of invincibles,—acrobatic Jack of Beanstalk fame, the Ugly Duckling with potential beauty, the decrepit Bremen Band, the Pied Piper, and resourceful Big Brother Hansel, are delightfully kept alive in this new series of little four by four books. The illustrations are more than is asked of them in way of humor, quaintness, and color, and the make-up altogether is as delightful as it is convenient.

BOB NORTH STARTS EXPLORING. By ROBERT CARVER NORTH. Putnam. 1927.

This new "Boy Adventure" book takes us with a remarkable youngster of eleven and his father into the virgin forests and frozen lakes of Northern Ontario, where only Indians and seasoned trappers are to be found. The hardy little boy, who smiles at us from the illustrations, writes in a rather stilted grown-up manner without much play of fancy. One feels that his precocity indicates a genius for exploration rather than literature, but the adventures he recounts are "the real stuff" that every boy loves and we are sure the book will find many somewhat envious young readers.

THE CHILDREN'S PLAY-HOUR BOOK. Edited by STEVEN SOUTHWOLD. Longmans, Green. 1927. $2.

To paraphrase those pessimistic old lines about man's scant wants in this world so that they apply to little children and stories we would say—

They want a great deal here below—
But want that great deal short!

And here is a delightful volume to fill that order. It is a collection of stories and poems and articles by such moderns as A. A. Milne, Walter de la Mare, Rose Fyleman, and Southwold himself, with some old favorites of Lewis Carroll and Thackeray and Grimm, illustrated by an equally select group including Buchel, Millar, Anne Anderson, and others.

The old "Literary Albums," "Ladies' Repositories," etc., which used to lie on the parlor tables with the family Bibles and filled a real place in the hearts of our grandmothers, have completely disappeared in this age of cheap magazines and specialized books, but are not these children's miscellanies a direct descendant, moved down a peg or two in age as education has moved up?

This collection would be a safe present for the puzzled person who does not know her little friends' tastes, a wonderful pacifier on a long railroad or ocean trip, a godsend for the bored little patient in measles or mumps.

MYSTERY OF CASTLE PIERREFITTE. By *Eugénie Foa*. Translated by Amena Pendleton. Longmans, Green. $2.

THE BOOK OF THE COLONIES. By *Elsie Singmaster*. Doran. $2 net.

THE 'TROCIOUS TWINS AT THE SEA. By *B. Parkes*. Stokes. $3.

BLOBS AT THE FAIR. By *C. Vernon Stokes* and *B. Parker*. Stokes. $3.

THE FLAMING ARROW. By *Carl Moon*. Stokes. $2.50.

MARTIN LUTHER. By *Estelle Ross*. Little, Brown. $1.50.

A BOOK OF PRINCESS STORIES. Compiled by *Kathleen Adams* and *Frances Elizabeth Atchinson*. Dodd, Mead. $2.50.

CYDER FEAST. By *Sacheverell Sitwell*. Doran. $2 net.

MICHAEL STROGOFF. By *Jules Verne*. Scribners. $2.50.

SAILS OF GOLD. Edited by *Lady Cynthia Asquith*. Scribners. $2.50.

TALES OF WOODLAND FRIENDS. Appleton.

ROUNDABOUT TABITHA. By *Madeleine Nightingale*. Appleton.

COL AND JOY. By *Roy Meldrum*. Appleton.

MRS. CUCUMBER GREEN. By *Mary Graham Bonner*. Boston: Bradley. $1.50.

JINGLEBOB. By *Philip Ashton Rollins*. Scribners. $2.50.

OLD TESTAMENT STORIES. Retailed by *Eulalie Osgood Groves*. Little, Brown. $2.50 net.

ANIMAL STORIES. By *Elizabeth Bishop Johnson*. Knopf.

RED CROW'S BROTHER. By *James Willard Schultz*. Houghton Mifflin. $1.75.

PINOCCHIO. By *Carlo Lorenzin*. Translated by *May W. Sweet*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.

Miscellaneous

COSTUME AND FASHION. By HERBERT NORRIS. Dutton. 1927. $7.50.

This is volume two of Mr. Norris's compendious, thoroughly illustrated work. Volume one dealt with the evolution of European Dress through the Earlier Ages. The present book is subtitled "Senlac to Bosworth. 1066-1485." As in the former one the author has filled it with illustrations in color and in black and white. We proceed here from the beginning of the eleventh century down to the time of the development of the hennin. All details of dress and fashion are covered with exhaustive research. Mr. Norris's volumes are splendidly practical reference books. Each chapter is prefaced with a list of contemporary historical events. The expert assistance of the Clarenceux King-of-Arms has warranted accurate the chapter on Heraldry and the sections dealing with Chivalry, the Order of the Garter, the Order of the Bath, the Peers' Parliamentary Robes. There is an excellent gneral index, as well as an index of names.

HARPER'S LITERARY MUSEUM. Compiled by Ola Elizabeth Winslow. Harpers. 1927. $4.

Within the last few years there has been a revived interest in exploring the files of ancient magazines and newspapers and the pages of old books for commentary both textual and pictorial upon the manners and morals and general habits of our American forebears. In Miss Winslow's compilation we have a fascinating gathering of material from the days of Pocahontas to the days of Dolly Madison. The book is prepared in the manner of the once so popular *Literary Annual* and is liberally illustrated. The typography and format of the volume harmonize with the text. George Boas, Professor of Philosophy at Johns Hopkins University, originated the idea of the volume and there will be other volumes in the series covering other literatures and times. Here we have a collection of most interesting and often amusing historical sidelights, unusual collateral reading for the student of American history.

GRAY EAGLE. By HERBERT RAVENEL SASS. Minton, Balch. 1927. $2.50.

DWELLERS IN THE JUNGLE. By Lieut.-Col. GORDON CASSERLEY. Stokes. 1927. $2.50.

Here are two books of the increasingly familiar type in which a nature student who knows his bird and animal world chooses to erect into sympathetic stories the material of his observation. It is the pathetic fallacy in nature writing, something rather different from Roosevelt's nature-faking. Mr. Sass is expertly familiar with his low country of South Carolina and so is, presumably, Col. Casserley with his Indian hinterlands, but both write short stories in which baby elephants, golden eagles, wild ducks, and crocodiles are assigned the parts of heroes or villains, and act in quasi-human roles.

Many, and this reviewer among them,

(*Continued on next page*)

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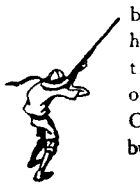

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Harry Hansen in the "World".

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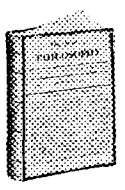

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Points of View

Professors' Prayer

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

I happened, in my wanderings here and there,
To come on this extraordinary prayer
Designed in style and content, it would seem,
For congregational use in Academe.
Copies were kindly offered me to scan.
Herewith the text,—this is the way it ran.

O, Lord, thy hardly-served professors pray,
Keep the satiric novelists away,
And comic spirits who would show the nation
The seamy side of higher education.
It has, we feel, been more than amply shown.
Isn't it time that we were let alone?

Protect us, then, in times of dark affliction,
From casual harpies, snatching food for fiction;
Guard us, convivial in dinner-coats,
From ruthless talent making mental notes;
Permit no gifted key-hole watcher chance
To view our pallid version of romance,
And shield each personal thrill as it occurs
From psycho-analytical amateurs.

Conserve for us the pleasures, all too fleeting,
Of our pedantic cherished annual meeting—
Let not the sportive spit-ball sting too sorely
Aimed at us by precocious school-boy Morley.

Please bear in mind, O Lord, that we would rather
Meet up with highwaymen than Willa Cather.

Put from us the temptation, we entreat,
Of asking Mr. Boas in to eat.

And be all possible precautions taken
To keep our lives unknown to Leonard Bacon.

Now grant, we beg, the ultimate request,
At the expense, if need be, of the rest.
It would, we know, not cross omniscient Mind
To think of making Mr. Mencken kind;
We are not sure that his Creator would
Relish the task of making Mencken good—

Put, then, some strain on the Almighty Will,
And, for a while, keep Mr. Mencken still.

Attend to this, Lord, and we pledge to Thee
A vote of confidence from the A. A. U. P.

BEATRICE O. BROWN.

Misquotation

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

A small contribution to the psychology of misquotation. I quite sympathize, as doubtless many other also do, with the feeling of shock expressed by Miss Patterson in your issue of July 23d. The garbling of one of Keats's most famous phrases perpetrated by Mr. Colton in an earlier issue is indeed startling. The version

Magic casements opening on the foam
Of *desolate* seas. . . .

is certainly deplorable. But is it inexplicable?

It strikes me the explanation of the substitution of "desolate" for "perilous" may be a confused memory of this line and another famous one by another poet:

On *desperate* seas long wont to roam.

But Poe used "desperate," not "desolate." Yes, but may not "desperate seas" have amalgamated with "perilous seas" to form a third variant, "desolate seas," an ineffective echo of both? Is it too fanciful to point out that if one takes the first and third syllables of "desperate" and the second of "perilous," something very like "desolate" emerges?

STUART ROBERTSON.

Philadelphia.

Harland Letters

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

I am interested in obtaining either the originals or copies of as many as possible of the letters of the late Henry Harland, editor of the *Yellow Book* and author of "The Cardinal's Snuff Box." I should like to use these letters in the completion of a definitive biography of Mr. Harland on which I am now at work. The co-operation of any readers of *The Saturday Review of Literature* who may have known Mr. Harland or who may possess his letters will be gratefully received. Communications may be addressed to me at The College of the City of New York, 139th street and Convent avenue, New York.

DONALD A. ROBERTS.

Beecher Letters

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

Mr. Wm. C. Beecher and Miss Annie Beecher Scoville, son and granddaughter of Henry Ward Beecher, being now engaged in collecting and editing his letters for publication, ask of those who have letters of his in their possession the privilege of access or loan or communication. Originals will be handled with the utmost care and promptly returned to the sender

ANNIE BEECHER SCOVILLE.

45 Broad street,
Stamford, Conn.

The New Books
Miscellaneous

(*Continued from preceding page*)

have a keen taste for this sort of thing when it is well done, but it must be read frankly as humanitarian sentimentalism, which, like other kinds of sentimentalism, may be very palatable, or not be read intelligently at all.

These two books are good specimens. Of the two writers, one prefers Mr. Sass. He has a love for his Carolina backgrounds that transfuses into style, and a sense of drama and the picturesque. One feels that if his birds are humanized in their emotion, they are true to their actions in life. Col. Casserley's book suffers by comparison with the "Jungle Books," and his style is not as interesting as his stories. You must read him for incident. Mr. Sass is a historian of nature also; you read him for what he makes you see and feel.

TWENTIETH CENTURY CRIMES. By FREDERICK A. MACKENZIE. Little, Brown & Co. 1927. $3.

This is one of the best of the recent books about famous crimes. The author is a Canadian, a resident of London, a correspondent for American newspapers, and a student of Russian affairs after the revolution. His chapters on the death of Rasputin, and the killing of the Czar and his family, are among the most vivid and terrible in the book. Mr. Mackenzie made investigations in Russia for the *Chicago Daily News*, and writes on these matters from first-hand knowledge.

He discusses the Loeb-Leopold case, under the title "The Poor Rich Boys." He does not waste much pity on the murderers, but is warm in his admiration for Mr. Darrow, their advocate. Then come the two Russian chapters, followed by the extraordinary "Stockholm Dynamite Murder" of 1926, in which two young men, of the Loeb-Leopold type, blew up one of their friends with dynamite. There is also the story of the London murder for which Steinie Morrison was convicted. This is preceded by the amazing tale of the battle in Sidney Street, London, which formed a sort of prelude. The killing of Herman Rosenthal in New York, and the trials of Becker and the gunmen, are described at length. This is a most difficult case to work upon, since there are so many New Yorkers now living who know, or pretend to know, the "real inside stuff" about the war between the gamblers and the police which came to a tragic climax outside the Hotel Metropole. Each of these New Yorkers differs sharply from every other one on this case, and all of them have "the straight dope."

There is a brief chapter upon the downfall of Abe Hummel, and a concluding essay on Landru, the French "Blue-Beard." This chapter is enhanced by an amazing portrait of the great lady-killer. Mr. Mackenzie's book is published in England as "World Famous Crimes."

KING COBRA. By *Harry Hervey*. Cosmopolitan. $4.

MY LIFE AS EXPLORER. By *Roald Amundsen*. Doubleday, Page. $3.50 net.

ROMANTIC CALIFORNIA. By *Ernest Peixotto*. Scribners. $3.

ITALIAN BACKGROUNDS. By *Edith Wharton*. Scribners. $3.50.

THE STORY OF EVEREST. By *Captain John Noel*. Little, Brown. $4 net.

NOA NOA. By *Paul Gauguin*. *Greenberg*. $2.50.

ASIA MINOR IN RUSSIA. By *Saturnino Ximez*. Translated by Arthur Chambers. Brentanos. $5.

CLOUD-LANDS OF FRANCE. By *Amy Oakley*. Century. $4.

Poetry

ANNUS MIRABILIS. By JOHN DRYDEN. Oxford Press. 1927. $3.50.

Seven hundred and fifty copies of this historical poem by Dryden upon the 1666 Year of Wonders have been printed on linen-rag paper at the Clarendon Press, Oxford, England. The book is a type-facsimile reprint of the First Edition 1667. There is a brief preface explaining special points of the text. Like all Oxford Press publications the book is manufactured in beautiful taste.

THE WORKERS LOOK AT THE STARS. Vineyard Shore Workers' School. 1927.

The poems in this small book were written in the Bryn Mawr Summer School for Women Workers in Industry, established in 1921. Not far from New York, on the Hudson, it is now proposed to establish the Vineyard Shore School for Women Workers, to "offer an eight months' course of continued study to industrial workers from the Bryn Mawr Summer School, and from other workers' schools both here and abroad." House and land are available. Needless to say we are heartily in sympathy with these projects. The literary efforts before us barely indicate the cultivation of self-expression that may result. These poems spring out of actual experience, some of them are but raw material for the writer, but here is, at least, important material. We congratulate Hilda W. Smith, Director of the Bryn Mawr Summer School, upon gathering together these undeniably interesting efforts which have been contributed by their authors for the benefit of the new school.

THE GRUB STREET BOOK OF VERSE. Edited by *Henry Harrison*. Henry Harrison.

PENNY SHOW. By *Mary Carolyn Davies*. Henry Harrison.

HEDGES, HILLS AND HORIZONS. By *Carl John Bostelmann*. Henry Harrison.

UNTAMED. By *Benjamin Musser*. Henry Harrison.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

H. E. H., Wyoming, Ohio, says: "My sister is fourteen and in high school. With her books mean a great deal and she is a keen critic. She reads always and I have exhausted my knowledge of books for her to read. She particularly likes the classics: her favorite book is Porter's 'Scottish Chiefs,' and others are 'Ivanhoe' and 'Kenilworth.' She has read most of Scott and Dickens and reads modern light novels but does not enjoy them. Please tell me what books to give my sister which will keep alive her interest in this best type of literature."

AFFIDAVITS will be furnished to anyone suspicious of publicity stunts that this is an actual letter that arrived on the day the first copies of "Adventures in Reading" (Stokes), by May Lamberton Becker, were placed in the hands of the author, then in her usual pre-publication state of asking herself, in the words of Josiah Allen's wife's husband, "Who will read the book, Samantha, when it is wrote?" For "Adventures in Reading" was written for the late 'teens and early twenties, and was intended to do, as far as a book can, just what this inquirer asks for in the last sentence of this letter. It is meant to share or to induce the happiness I have in certain books, new as well as old. So perhaps readers of this department who may be past their twenties might find it not uninteresting.

M. A., Monteagle, Tenn., asks me for "the best very recently published English novel."

ONCE more going on record as declining to choose "best" books broadcast, I do choose for the novel that for various reasons stands out above all the novels from England brightening our bookstalls this fall, H. M. Tomlinson's "Gallions Reach" (Harper). This is no book to be summed up in a line; get it, read it, and see if this is not so. But one must always be permitted a second choice, and mine would be the delicately beautiful little book by Edith Olivier, "The Love-Child" (Viking). I hope the title will induce a great many people to read it who will find it is not what they had thought. As a matter of fact, this is the only example of actual parthenogenesis in literature. If this statement does not kill it for the light-minded, they have the prospect of reading an exquisitely impossible, achingly pathetic story of a creature born out of loneliness. I suppose Pirandello may have had something to do with the idea, but that is as far as he goes.

I rather think, though, that the favorite English novel of the fall will be for most people Rosamond Lehmann's "Dusty Answer" (Holt), another pathetic and subtly moving study of loneliness. Or perhaps it will be the wild and sombre "Witch Wood," by John Buchan (Houghton Mifflin), as dependable for witchcraft data as it is thrilling for entertainment. And as I may not have a chance to get back to new English novels for a while, there is a political one by the daughter of St. Loe Strachey, Amabel Williams-Ellis, "The Wall of Glass" (Doran), that makes me train an eye in her direction and look for a better novel some day from one with so remarkable a talent in conversation and characterization. In "Knock Four Times," by Margaret Irwin (Harcourt, Brace), there is a constant flow of entertainment, a cross-section of London's artistic slums, and a remarkable character study of a complicated literary character; this novel should be popular. Swinnerton's "The Casement" (Doran) is new to this country, but belongs to his period of intensive studies of small groups.

M. R., New Ulm, Minn., asks for an anthology of American literature that would be interesting to high school students, and a "live" survey of the subject.

"A BOOK OF AMERICAN LITERATURE," edited by Franklin and Edward Snyder (Macmillan), has just appeared, a competent and unhackneyed selection of prose and poetry, from Colonial times to the present; it seems to be just what this inquirer has in mind. John Macy's "The Spirit of American Literature" (Modern Library) is certainly "live" and popular with the younger generation: it is a series of essays on significant authors, with biographical notes and reading lists. "The Story of American Literature," by Algernon Tassin and A. B. Maurice (Macmillan) was written especially for the high school age; it is a "survey" whose glances rest longest on certain writers whose influence has been drawn from American life and gone into it.

The best book for this age about poetry is not concerned altogether with American poetry, but I would by all means include it in this collection—I do not say "put it on this book-shelf," for "The Winged Horse," by Joseph Auslander and Frank Hill (Doubleday, Page), will not for a long time have use for a shelf beyond a moment's perching-place! It is a book any young person with any interest in poetry will cherish, and it will induce in many young persons an unsuspected interest in poetry. This is a history of poetry in the world, told by telling of the great poets and some of their poems; the action is continuous and the effect twofold—it leaves the reader, old or young, with a conviction that poetry is and always has been vitally necessary to mankind, and it sends him straightway to the library to read in their entirety the poems from which such tantalizing snatches of beauty have been taken.

E. D., McNary, Arizona, asks for the best Greek grammar, lexicon, and reader, for self-instruction, for one who is acquainted with Latin and with several foreign languages.

SO far as I can discover, nothing has taken the place of the good old standbys, Goodwin's "Greek Grammar" (Ginn), the "First Greek Book," by J. W. Jones (Ginn), and the Liddell and Scott "Greek-English Lexicon" (Oxford). This is a comfort in a world of flux; these were the three books that accompanied me into my first Greek class. But Jones has been embellished with maps and illustrations (in my day these were furnished on the margins in pencil by the members of the class) and there is an abridged edition of the Lexicon costing $2.85 instead of the fourteen dollars required for the big book. The Oxford University Press publishes these; the great work is in process of revision, and will appear in ten parts, of which eight are yet to come.

F. U. B., Boston, was prompted by the recent review of six novels of cowboy life, including Creel's "Sons of the Eagle," to ask for a list of books relating to true stories of the old West.

"THE PIONEER WEST," edited by J. L. French (Little, Brown), is a collection of true stories including selections from journals, famous and lesser-known; the scene is the West of exploration, camp, and trail, of cowboy days and mining camp. C. W. Furlong's "Let 'Er Buck" (Putnam) is the story of the Pendleton Roundup still surviving from the heroic days of Oregon. "Fifty Years on the Old Frontier," by J. H. Cook (Yale), is material for history told by one of the old scouts. Duncan Aikman edits the stories of ten frontier cities from El Paso to Cheyenne, by ten authors, in "Taming of the Frontier" (Minton, Balch). "The Last Frontier," by Stewart Edward White and Emerson Hough, is one of the Chronicles of America (Yale); "The Vanguard," by E. B. Bronson (Doran), is from the notes of Clark B. Stocking, who "fought on the firing line for fifty years." "Buffalo Days," by Col. Homer Wheeler (Bobbs-Merrill), one of the most recently published of these narratives, is the forty-year experience of a cattleman, Indian fighter, and cavalry officer. Agnes Laut, in "The Blazed Trail of the Old Frontier" (McBride), follows the track of the Upper Missouri Expedition of 1925. The latest addition to this literature is "A Pioneer of 1850: George Willis Read—1819-1880," just published by Little, Brown, including an overland journey from Missouri to California and one by way of Panama to New York, authentic and valuable records by a dispassionate observer.

The unearthing of personal memories of our middle distance has already become a matter of book catalogues and patient poking through second-hand shops, unless one lives near a large public library or a good historical collection. I have kept, in this short list, to books now in print. The journal of Dr. Read described above adds a bibliography with interesting items of this nature.

Books Out of the Usual

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Books of the Fall

(*Continued from page* 222)

(Doubleday, Page). "Turmoil," "The Magnificent Ambersons," and "The Midlanders" are skilfully bound into unity by connecting links which the author has supplied for the purpose but otherwise they stand substantially as they were when originally issued. In "Yellow Gentians and Blue" (Appleton), Zona Gale has gathered together a group of exceedingly brief but cleverly manipulated tales.

The younger writers who have come into prominence with the past few years give a good account of themselves this Fall. Glenway Westcott has won the Harper prize novel award with "The Grandmothers" (Harpers), a family portrait gallery which though it may suffer from monotony, shows flashes of unusual talent and a high average of excellent analysis and description. Mazo de la Roche carried off the *Atlantic Monthly* award with "Jalna" (Little, Brown), the chronicle of an ingrown Canadian family of powerful passion and grim character. Dale Collins, whose first novel "Ordeal" won the enthusiastic commendation of William McFee, has followed it with "The Sentimentalists" (Little, Brown), a work of indubitable power, with much unflinching realism to offset its deliberate sentimentality. The immediate public success of Louis Bromfield's new novel, "The Good Woman" (Stokes), the last of the group that was initiated with "The Green Bay Tree," has reflected critical opinion. "My Heart and My Flesh" (Viking), by Elizabeth Madox Roberts, whose "Time of Man" was one of the most admired novels of last year, like that earlier book lays its scene in the South—this time in a higher stratum of society than before. Robert Nathan has also continued along the path he laid out in an earlier book in "The Woodcutter's House" (Bobbs-Merrill), a whimsy which has poetry, charm, and sentiment delicately interwoven. From the same publishers as Mr. Nathan's book come "The House Made With Hands" by the author of "Miss Tiverton Goes Out," Henry Kitchell Webster's study of present-day life, "The Beginners," and J. D. Beresford's "The Tapestry." Two first novels stand out from the general mass of fiction with sharpness, "Dusty Answer" (Holt), by Rosamond Lehmann, a work of high achievement in its first half and of excellent promise throughout, containing stretches of admirable writing, and suffused with a youthful ecstasy of emotion, at once uplifting and painful, and "The Love-Child" (Viking), by Edith Olivier, an exquisite handling of a theme so fragile that the slightest clumsiness would have turned its delicacy into absurdity.

But we must pass more rapidly through our list lest we reach the limits of our space before the end of our enumeration. Mention must be made of Brand Whitlock's "Transplanted" (Appleton), Susan Ertz's "Now East, Now West" (Appleton)—both of these tales of transplanted Americans; of Barry Benefield's Dickens-like "Bugles in the Night" (Century), and Samuel Ornitz's forthcoming "A Yankee Passional" (Boni & Liveright); of Josephine Daskam Bacon's "Counterpoint" (Day), and Mateel Howe Farnham's "Rebellion" which won the Dodd, Mead-Famous Players prize.

Martha Ostenso, who in another year won the prize which Miss Farnham has carried off in this, has herself a new novel, "The Mad Carews" (Dodd, Mead), which despite the fact that it rests its interest on melodramatic elements shows again that this young author has genuine power. A newcomer in the field who has arrived with a book of sufficient interest to make him worth watching is Frederick Hazlitt Brennan whose "God Got One Vote" (Simon & Schuster) is a study of bossism in politics. Elmer Davis, whose "Show Window" we mentioned before as being so brilliant a collection of essays, appears as novelist with "Strange Woman" (McBride), the story of a woman over forty which, whatever its defects as fiction, has the fulness of thought and the propulsive connotation that mark everything Mr. Davis writes. Homer Croy's "Fancy Lady" (Harpers), Mathilde Eiker's "Over the Boatside" (Doubleday), Anna Yezierska's "Arrogant Beggar" (Doubleday, Page), and Olive Higgins Prouty's "Conflict" (Houghton Mifflin), are books that also deserve attention. Books that those who are watching the younger writers of fiction will await with interest are Ernest Hemingway's "Men Without Women" (Scribners), Lester Cohen's "The Great Bear" (Boni & Liveright), and Thornton Wilder's "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" (A. & C. Boni).

Foreign fiction still continues to find translation as readily as during the past few years that saw so great a development of interest in the literature of continental Europe. The list this Fall is a varied and attractive one, including as it does Jacob Wassermann's "World's End" (Boni & Liveright), Hermann Sudermann's "The Mad Professor" (Boni & Liveright), Ladislas Reymont's "The Promised Land" (Knopf), in which the Polish writer presents through the chronicle of a family and the community a saga of commerce, Arthur W. Rider's translation of the charming Sanskrit "The Ten Princes" which the Chicago University Press, its publishers, inform us we listed in our columns as "The Tan Princes," Paul Busson's powerful "The Man Who Was Born Again" (Day), a commingling of fantasy and the grimmest realism, Karin Michaelis's "Venture's End" (Harcourt, Brace), Paul Morand's "Europe at Love" (Boni & Liveright); "The Bullfighters" (Dial), by Henry de Montherlant, who in describing the bullring writes of what he once was a part; André Gide's "Counterfeiters" (Knopf), Ferenc Molnar's "The Paul Street Boys" (Macy-Masius), Felix Hollaender's "The Sins of the Fathers" (Payson & Clarke), a book on the first part of which the film "Variety" was based, Frank Heller's "Lead Me Into Temptation" (Crowell), the excursion of a staid professor into adventure, and Luigi Pirandello's "The Old and the New" (Dutton).

Another group of foreign novels that embraces some of the authors most familiar to American readers is composed of Arthur Schnitzler's "Daybreak" (Simon & Schuster), Franz Werfel's "The Man Who Conquered Death" (Simon & Schuster), Paul Morand's "Nothing But the Earth" (Duffield), Selma Lagerlöf's fine "Charlotte Löwenskold" (Doubleday, Page), Vicente Blasco Ibanez's "The Mob" (Dutton), and Stefan Zweig's "Conflicts" (Viking), a set of three long short stories, two of which are exceedingly powerful.

Lovers of the mystery tale will again find plenty of material for their delectation. Agatha Christie, whose "Murder of Roger Ackroyd" was one of the best of the recent detective stories, and whose own mysterious disappearance held the front pages of the newspapers for several days, has written a new tale called "The Big Four" (Dodd, Mead); Austin Freeman, one of the writers of this type of fiction who possesses style as well as ingenuity, comes forward with "The Cat's Eye" (Dodd, Mead). S. Van Dine's "The Canary Murder Case" (Scribners), which ran serially in *Scribner's Magazine*, is one of the most effective tales of its kind to have appeared this year. Others that should be listed are Foxhall Daingerfield's "The Silver Urn" (Appleton), "Vanishing Men" (Morrow), by G. McLeod Winsor, "The Mystery at Lovers' Cave" (Simon & Schuster), by Anthony Berkeley, and "The House of Disappearance" (Dial), by J. Jefferson Farjeon (Dial). Ernest Rhys and C. A. Dawson-Scott have edited a collection of "Twenty-six Mystery Stories" (Appleton), which presents some of the best tales both old and new that have appeared.

For the reader who prefers the cloak and sword romance or the historical novel to the detective story there are also a number of volumes from which to make selection. Donald Douglas has produced a stirring tale of one of the most romantic periods of Scotch history in "The Black Douglas" (Doran), William Stearns Davis has taken the American Revolution as the background of his "Gilman of Redford" (Macmillan), Henry Thomas has furnished a book that should interest the classical minded in "Cleopatra's Private Diary" (Stratfort), and Rafael Sabatini in "The Nuptials of Corbal" (Houghton Mifflin), again places his story in the period of the French Revolution. A group of books which should interest the literary minded includes John A. Steuart's "The Cap of Youth" (Lippincott), in which Robert Louis Stevenson figures as hero, "Alas, Poor Yorick!" (Little, Brown), by Alfred H. Bill, a tale in which Laurence Sterne plays the leading rôle, and "O, Rare Ben Jonson" (Knopf), by Byron Steele.

Finally, to complete the list, we add without special classification the following novels as among those worthy of attention: "Count Ten" (Boni & Liveright), by Mildred Evans Gilman; "The Bacchante" (Cosmopolitan), by Robert Hichens; "The House of Fulfilment" (Cosmopolitan), by L. Adams Beck, in which the lady who under her other name of E. Barrington has just produced a novel with Napoleon for hero, "The Thunderer" (Dodd, Mead), has built up a story laid in India with Buddhism and its influence as the dominant figure; Signe Toksvig's "The Last Devil" (Day), R. H. Mottram's "Our Mr. Dormer" (Dial), a family chronicle running through several generations that has genu-

(*Continued on page* 230)

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The World of Rare Books

THERE is a secure and unobtrusive confidence in the annual report of the John Carter Brown Library which leaves the reader feeling that this is one American institution which knows what it is doing and has no anxieties regarding its rivals. It holds steadily to its chosen purpose, within definite limitations,—Americana, printed books, and the year 1800—and it is going quietly and persistently forward with its intention of remaining in the lead, within this field. Other collections may be larger, and may have greater rarities, but none of its rivals approach it in singleness of purpose, or in the adequate way in which it is carrying out this purpose.

The moderate rate of growth of this collection is one of the characteristics which inspires confidence. The number, 240 for the past year, is not impressive, until it is compared with the financial statement of just under $17,000 spent for "books, manuscripts, maps, etc." This gives an average of about $75 per piece. This figure, in turn, needs to be considered in connection with another statement that nine of the most important items acquired during the year came as gifts. The additions mentioned in the report include two sixteenth century Mexican imprints, strengthening a position already safely ahead of the nearest rival, and three of the rarest of Maryland books. Mr. Wroth must have had mingled feelings while negotiating for one of these, for it is a title which escaped his researches while compiling his recent bibliography of the publications of the first printer in Virginia, and the first in Maryland whose work is known. It is also the book which is likely to interest more different people than any other described in this report, for it is the earliest book printed in the English colonies that deals with any form of sport. It is a treatise on fencing, published at Williamsburg by William Parks in 1734.

Ingpen and Stonehill's "Selection of Books bearing upon the Romantic Movement in English Literature" is worth a shelf-full of standard reference books, to any one who wishes to get a line on the sort of books that are available in the market for students of early nineteenth century literature, and what they ought to pay for such books nowadays. The 56 Shelley items, and 45 Shelleyana, form the most important group, as might be expected from the members of this firm, inevitably suggesting a guess that Mr. Ingpen has finished his part of the editorial work on the new edition of his special author. There are more editions of Byron's works, 73, than of Shelley, at about half the average price, so that one could get a fair start on a Byron collection at two or three dollars a title. Books about Byron, however, seem to be worth on the average about twice as much as those about Shelley.

A note at the beginning of this catalogue is worth quoting, as a succinct statement of a situation which faces the rare book trade at the present day, and which is having a marked effect upon book-selling practices:

"Conspicuous for their absence are many rare first editions, particularly of Shelley and Keats. We regret that it has been impossible to keep such of them as have been in our possession long enough to include them in this catalogue. The demand is so great that only our most recent acquisitions remain unsold. Collectors who wish to purchase such items would therefore do well to advise us of their particular wants, thereby enabling us to communicate with them either by letter or by cable when such items occur for sale."

Confirmation of this is supplied by the catalogue of P. M. Barnard of Tunbridge Wells. This offers 20 Byron items, of which three are marked "Sold." Luckily this proportion does not hold for the catalogue as a whole. Pope, Defoe, and Swift each have a good showing. The notes are carefully, and often entertainingly written. Mr. Barnard is one of the dealers who is ordinarily free from any suspicion of "fishing for suckers," and it was undoubtedly his enthusiasm over a gratifying discovery, rather than any ulterior design, which led him into what seems like an over-statement of the significance of typographical variations in his three copies of Pope's "Sober Advice from Horace" of 1734. There is at least one other variety of this tract, to add to the complexity.

The Brick Row Book Shop of New York and the near-by academic centers, fills in a gap between the two English catalogues, with an offering of books by or relating to Samuel Johnson, James Boswell, Oliver Goldsmith, and others of their group, very attractively described. Criticism is disarmed by the unwonted modesty of the note which says: "We are assured that the present is a very desirable copy of the First Edition (of "The Vicar of Wakefield") in contemporary binding", $1,500. These are several items in this catalogue that came from the library of Mr. A. Edward Newton. There are 44 other editions of the Vicar, including Providence, 1792; New York, 1807, and Walpole, N. H., 1809.

Catalogue No. 1 from Gelber, Lilienthal, Inc., of San Francisco, mostly modern first editions, includes an assortment of books from the fine presses which suggests that a goodly proportion of the desirable items in this line are finding homes on the Pacific coast. The catalogue, or at least the last two pages, will be preserved for its bibliography, which is a checklist, of the output of the Grabhorn Press, from 1919 to date. The Grabhorns are justly proud of the eleven volumes bearing their imprint which have won a place among the "Fifty Best Books" exhibited by the American Institute of Graphic Arts. They are now announcing "Salome" by Oscar Wilde in a "bizarre handling"—195 copies in small quarto. To our mind the work of E. and R. Grabhorn is of the best which America produces.

WITH the next issue *The Saturday Review of Literature* will begin a department under the joint direction of Mr. Carl P. Rollins of the Yale University Press and Mr. George Parker Winship of the Widener Library, Harvard University, which will deal with rare books, fine books, and typography. The aims of the editors are briefly summarized in the statements which follow:

THE interest in knowledge of printing has never been so widespread as it is today. Typography receives in America, England and Germany (to name only the more important countries) careful and scholarly treatment which makes the present so fertile in what Joseph Moxon called "mechanical exercises as applied to the art of printing." After fine printing had been rescued by the efforts of Morris and Cobden-Sanderson from the innocuousness of the nineteenth century, the type-setting machine nearly threw typography back into the doldrums of 1870. At the same time much poor work has posed as fine printing. Some of the followers of Morris, assuming a quality where it did not exist, spread abroad a fallacious standard of value which still befogs the book reviewer and the ordinary observer. But great efforts by an increasing band of devoted students and practitioners of printing have tended to reestablish standards, and have led to the publication of many fine books and much conscientious work in the more ephemeral field of printing for commerce.

Under these circumstances it seems fitting to attempt in America's leading literary review a weekly criticism of the output of the modern printing press, for whatever purpose designed, and for the benefit of all who read what appears to be good work, honestly done, and to point out the trend of the times in matters typographical. Such critical judgments can only be the expression of one man's feeling for typography, but they will be, so far as is possible, based on a careful consideration of the work of the past, and a knowledge and appreciation of the handicaps and advantages of the present.

CARL P. ROLLINS.

THE column will aim to keep readers posted in regard to new books about books, both those that are technically bibliographical, and the various out-of-the-ordinary publications which are printed for a limited public of collectors and professional bookmen. An effort will be made to keep in touch with what is being printed in England and on the Continent, as well as in the United States, and to tell enough about the various publications so that readers can form their own opinions whether these are books they want to try to secure.

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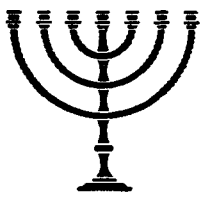

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A LADY in Mount Vernon, Iowa, has deprecated our ferocious sonnets in favor of something more flippant. She submits three verses of the kind of thing she thinks would be better. We might as well start this week's column with them. And, by the way, notice that we have a brand-new pictorial head for the old thing this week. The drawing is from a painting by *Kakunen*, deftly culled from "Decorative Motives of Oriental Art," by *Katharine M. Ball* (Dodd, Mead). Kakuken, we must say, knew how to draw a phœnix! But to return to the lady in Mount Vernon, Iowa. Her name is *Thelma Lull*, and here is her poem:

God tried to hit me with an apple;
God threw a hick'ry nut at me;
God has wasted bolts of lightning
Aiming inefficiently.

I make faces at the saintly;
I blow smoke-rings fat and white;
I forget church comes on Sunday—
Show bare heels in shameless flight.

God bites nails and stamps his feet;
I sin blithely, safe and free;
I've got nothing, I want nothing,
Thumb my nose at Deity!

We wish that God seemed to take so personal an interest in us. If He did, we don't think we should be so skittish. We should be more interested. . . .

Considering supermundane matters more seriously, a book that looks most interesting to us is *Helen Keller's* "My Religion" (Doubleday). They say that before the MS of it had gone to press permission had been requested of her publishers to translate the book into Japanese, French, German, Czecho-Slovakian, Italian, and Burmese. Miss Keller's spiritual god-father was *John Hitz*, one time Consul-General from Switzerland to America. He introduced Miss Keller particularly to the works of *Swedenborg*, the great Swedish seer. At the age of seventy Hitz learned the finger alphabet and the Braille system of writing in order to communicate with Miss Keller without an interpreter. He was a strong influence in forming Helen Keller's faith . . . .

We hear through Knopf's that in Germany at present there is quite an interest in the literature of the American negro. Kaemmerer is publishing "Nigger Heaven" by *Carl Van Vechten*, and Ullstein is bringing out "The Fire in the Flint," by *Walter White*. . . .

A book that should interest parents is "The Inner World of Childhood," by *Frances G. Wickes* (Appleton). Both *Jung* and *Keyserling* have endorsed it. Mrs. Wickes's exposition is said to be remarkably sane and explicit. Though a technical work, "The Inner World" is free from ultra-scientific terminology. It is written in beautiful language. . . .

To mystery-story addicts the name of *Austin J. Small* is doubtless familiar. We have heard good things of "The Silent Six," though we didn't read it. We did read "The Man they Couldn't Arrest," however, and had a very good time with it. Small's new thriller, "The Death Maker," (Doran) looks like a real thriller. As for that old stand-by, *J. S. Fletcher*, he seems to have more different publishers and to bring out more detective stories than ever. The energy of the man is amazing. "The Passenger to Folkestone" (Knopf), and "Hardican's Hollow" (Doran), are before us as we write. The demand for mystery stories must be steadily growing, for it seems to us that between last spring and this fall we have seen hundreds, in the most startling jackets, pass under our eyes. Our favorite writers of such are *Mrs. Belloc Lowndes*, *R. Austin Freeman*, *Agatha Christie*, and this same Small. . . .

Another column from "The Dido Cave" signed "The Carthaginian"! This time it is mostly about cats. We wonder who the deuce this Carthaginian can be. The mystery thickens! . . .

George A. Van Nosdall's latest catalogue list of rare books has just reached us from 446 East Eighty-sixth Street, and in connection with his first listed item, an excessively rare *Hawthorne* first edition, he quotes an inserted letter of particular interest. This letter was written by *Julian Hawthorne*, in the fall of 1886, to *John Greenleaf Whittier*. Mr. Hawthorne informs Mr. Whittier that upon the 28th of October the Statue of Liberty by *Bartholdi* "is to be inaugurated:"

> So many delays and disappointments have occurred in connection with the erection of this statue, and M. Bartholdi has so often had occasion for misgiving as to whether his splendid gift was accepted by us in a proper spirit, that it is to be desired that the concluding ceremonies, at least, should pass off with suitable dignity and enthusiasm. I can imagine few themes more noble than this for a great poet, beloved by the American people, whose voice is identified more than that of any other with our aspirations toward liberty, and our struggle for it: and I hope that you will not find it impossible to let your voice be heard again, on an occasion to which no other living voice is so well attuned, or will be listened to with so much reverence.

Mr. Hawthorne goes on to recall the fact that the New York *World's* exertions made possible the building of the pedestal of Bartholdi's statue. And the *World* now wishes the privilege of publishing Mr. Whittier's poem if he will consent to write it.

> As the Literary Editor of this newspaper, which is read every day by a million of our countrymen, it is my privilege to make the request of you. . . . If I do not specify remuneration, it is only because we want you to feel that what you have to say will be worth more to us than the verse of any other poet; and that, so far as poetry may be interpreted in material terms, there is no sum that you can mention which we should not consider it a privilege to pay you. *The World* is rich: and whatever sum of money you consent to receive from us, we shall feel the more enriched by the words which we receive from you.

That we call a handsome letter to a poet! But the record does not state whether Whittier ever wrote the poem or what he received for it. We haven't a collected Whittier at hand in which to try to track down the poem. Won't someone inform us? Mr. Hawthorne's letter is certainly a model of the manner in which most poets would like editors to write to them. And a wide field of speculation is opened as to how various of our present-day leading poets would respond. . . .

A novel written by a librarian and dedicated to another librarian is "Profane Earth" by *Holger Cahill* (Macaulay), which is dedicated to *John Cotton Dana*, librarian of the Newark Public Library. Mr. Cahill has, for the past five years, been a member of the Newark Library and Museum staffs. . . .

The Step Ladder, brought out by *Flora Warren Seymour* for The Order of Bookfellows, Chicago, has just published a *Poe* Anniversary Number. Poe died on October 7, 1849, and it is the October number of the *Step Ladder* that is devoted to him. *James H. Whitty* contributes "Poeana." It seems, from a further perusal of the issue, that the June Number of the London *Bookman* printed a thesis on Poe by *Alfred Noyes*, which was followed in the August issue by opinions on Poe from *Sir Edmund Gosse*, *Hugh Walpole*, *May Sinclair*, *Ernest Raymond*, *Mrs. Belloc Lowndes*, *H. De Vere Stacpoole*, *A. G. Gardiner*, and *Robert Graves*. Walpole thought Poe overrated as a poet but certainly not as a prose writer, May Sinclair considered Poe in every way worthy of his great reputation. Edmund Gosse called him "one of the greatest proficients in pure poetry who have ever existed." Mrs. Lowndes said it was difficult to decide whether to give him the palm as a poet or a prose writer. Others have since contributed opinions. In connection with which we pick up the October number of *transition*, from Paris, and find a paper by *Laura Riding* (our own erstwhile Southern poetess, *Laura Riding Gottschalk*) called "Jamais Plus," which rips Poe into tatters. Her paper is said to be compressed from a longer essay, "The Facts in the Case of Mr. Poe," which is to be published in a volume of essays, "Contemporaries and Snobs" to be brought out this fall by Jonathan Cape in London. . . .

Miss Riding attacks *Dr. William Carlos Williams's* conception of Poe. "In Dr. Williams," she says, "it is three parts loyalty to prefer 'To One in Paradise,' one of the worst of Poe's poems, to the 'Raven,' the best of the worst (and all were worst)." That last lashing-out rather spoils Miss Riding's attack. It is nonsense. We still marvel at people who make annihilating, flat-footed statements of this kind. It probably entertains them, but it has nothing whatever to do with criticism. Miss Riding says "The Raven" is Poe's best poem, the best of the worst where all are worst. Well, we shall be just as flat-footed and *ex cathedra* and remark that both "To Helen" and "The Haunted Palace" are far superior to "The Raven," and must remain poetic masterpieces to anyone with artistic taste. An extremely few poets who have written in English have homehow injected pure magic into their poetry. Poe remains one of these. That he wrote twaddle at times is undeniable. So have most of the great. But the quality of his best work is its own reply to the rather ludicrous sweeping gesture of dismissal. Poetry that is poetry endures for those who have eyes to see and ears to hear. The clamor outside the temple may wax or wane. Suffice it that the miraculous thing has been achieved. . . .

THE PHŒNICIAN.

The Fall Books

(*Continued from page 228*)

ine, if quiet charm, and a theme that is well and skilfully handled; Irvin S. Cobb's "Chivalry Peak" (Cosmopolitan), Allan Updegraff's "Whatever We Do" (Day), W. J. Locke's "The Kingdom of Theophilus" (Dodd, Mead), a book in which Mr. Locke while he shows his usual whimsical and tender turn of mind introduces a new and sterner note than is his wont; Phyllis Bottome's "The Messenger of the Gods" (Doran), and Compton Mackenzie's "Vestal Fire." In "Jeremy at Crale" (Doran), Hugh Walpole carries on the tradition of such works as "Tom Brown's Schooldays" and further depicts the life of the youth he has before this introduced to his readers at an English public school. Though Mr. Walpole's is a book which boys will read with pleasure, it is one which his elders will better appreciate. The authors whose books are established best-sellers have furnished new novels for their admirers, Kathleen Norris "Barberry Bush" (Doubleday, Page), Harold Bell Wright "God and the Groceryman" (Appleton), Zane Grey "Forlorn River" (Harpers), Warwick Deeping 'Kitty" (Knopf), and Temple Bailey "Wallflowers" (Penn). In "Flamingo" (Doubleday, Page), Mary Borden has written a novel with New York for background and protagonist that is of considerable interest aside from the element of plot. Other books that should have mention are Anthony Richardson's "The Barbury Witch" (Dodd, Mead), H. de Vere Stackpoole's "Goblin Market" (Doran), a quiet novel that has pretty and tender sentiment to recommend it; Charles G. Norris's "Zelda Marsh" (Dutton), Grace Richmond's "Lights Up" (Doubleday, Page), Ben Ames Williams's "Splendor" (Dutton), Margaret Wildemer's "More Than Wife" (Harcourt, Brace), J. L. Campbell's "Face Value" (Dutton), Beatrice Kean Seymour's "Three Wives" (Knopf), and the book of a newcomer, an English girl, Lesley Storm, "Lady, What of Life?" (Harpers). Louis Golding's "The Miracle Boy" (Knopf) is a skilful handling of a fantastic theme and well repays reading. St. John Ervine is to have a new novel entitled "The Wayward Man" (Macmillan), which is the story of an Ulsterman, and Conrad Aiken has one called "Blue Voyage" (Scribners). Romer Wilson's "Greenlow" (Knopf), has been immensely successful in England, and W. L. River's "Death of a Young Man" (Simon & Schuster), is worthy of attention. In conclusion mention should be made of Sophie Cleugh's "Jeanne Margot" (Macmilllan), Martin Feinstein's "The Drums of Panic" (Macy-Masius), Katharine Brush's "Little Sins" (Minton, Balch), John Oxenham's "The Man Who Would Save Them" (Longmans, Green), Patrick Miller's "The Deep End" (Harcourt, Brace), and Charles Divine's "Cognac Hill" (Payson & Clarke). Readers who are looking for something very light will find it in Anita Loos's "But Gentlemen Marry Brunettes" (Boni & Liveright), soon to come from the press, Cornell Woolrich's "Children of the Ritz" (Boni & Liveright), a book which won the *College Humor* prize, and John Gunther's clever "Eden for One" (Harpers).

And now at last we reach the final category of our list—Poetry. Humbert Wolfe's "Requiem" (Doran) which has made a great stir in England, Lizette Woodworth Reese's "Little Henrietta" (Doran), Donald Davidson's "Tall Men" (Houghton Mifflin), Carl Sandburg's "The American Songbag" (Harcourt, Brace), are among the outstanding volumes.

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